THE FIRST SIX SATYRS OF IVVENAL;

With

ANNOTATIONS clearing the obscurer places out of the History, Lawes, and Ceremonies of the *Romans*.

By

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Ἄπορον φάρμακον.

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
My very good Lord,

HENRY,
EARLE OF
KINGSTON.

MY LORD,

THese Satyrs *of* JUVENAL, *which your Lordſhip (after the revolving of your learned Volumes) often made the recreation of your ſtudies in their originall Latin, are now reduced by the imperfection of my penne to need an Apology for*

their addreſſe in Engliſh, being (I feare) become ſtrangers to you in your owne language; but your Lordſhip will pleaſe to pardon boldneſſe, proper to Satyricke Poems, eſpecially this of my Tranſlation; which being the reſult of your commands, haſtens, though rudely, to pay devotion to your Name.

How noble an Authour your Lordſhip hath commended to me, how well he diſcharges the Cenſour's *office of reforming Manners, and therein how much he obliges Mankind, all that are not Delinquents may be Judges; and I doubt not but they will confirme the Sentence pronounced, or rather prophecyed by the great Oratour* Quintilian, *who, before any of theſe pieces came abroad, foretold the name of this*

Satyriſt

Satyriſt would be famous to poſterity; grounding his judgment upon the ſame reaſon that prevailes with your Lordſhip and the reſt of his and your Peers in learning and elocution, that is, the uſefulneſſe of this Booke to all that ſtudy Men, to unlocke the ſecrets of whoſe breſts he knew no ſuch key could be found in the larger fields of Rhetoricke; and I dare adde, ſcarce any Philoſopher hath left ſo many excellent morall Precepts and incouragements to virtue, as this Poet; however ſome rigid Stoicks have intitled him to faults, meerely for ſpeaking home to theirs.

The Objections made againſt him are, that he is obſcure, and that he is not modeſt. To the firſt, in my Arguments and Annotations I Anſwer; to

the ſecond be himſelfe, who now comes forth, as he deſcribes the Archi-gallus *or Chiefe-prieſt of* Cybel, *with no obſcene part at all; every impurer word being fled, like the time that conſtrained him to uſe it: for I have taken upon me to be ſo much more then a Tranſlatour, as to purge him throughly (and I hope onely) of the malignant humour; but I need not ſpeake in my owne behalfe, it is honour and ſafety enough to me that I have your Lordſhips pardon, which ſecures me from ever being condemned by any knowing Schollar, or judicious man; and for my Authour, they that hereafter ſhall impeach him, will but accuſe themſelves of the crimes he cenſures, or of the folly he derides; for what Souldier of courage and diſcretion can be offended with him, for*

giving

giving Otho the character of an effe-minate Generall? or what wiſe and modeſt Lady frowne upon him, becauſe he ſayes, that ſuch were as rare at Rome as black Swannes? When wee ſee them as frequent in England as white Swans, and yet farre fairer; this Iſland being planted with ſuch examples of valour in men, and cha-ſtity in women, as demonſtrates that wee are as abſolutely freed of the vanities and vices of the Ro-mans, as of their yoke and ſervi-tude. I am therefore moſt confident the Readers cannot faſten a diſlike upon JUVENAL, and if they pleaſe to wiſh me his Interpreter, (to make proofe whereof I have parted with my private intereſt in theſe firſt ſix Sa-tyrs) I ſhall then make his whole

Worke publike, in compliance with their deſires, not my ambition, which aymes no higher then to publiſh my ſelfe

Your Lordſhips

moſt humble ſervant,

R. STAPYLTON.

The

The Life of IUVENAL.

D. IUNIUS IUVENAL was born (as appeares by *Umbricius* his complement to him in the close of sat. 3.) at *Aquine* in *Campania*; his father or foster-father ('tis uncertaine whether) being a rich free-man of that City. In his younger yeares he layed a regular foundation of his studies, beginning with *Grammar* and the *ferula*; afterwards he applied himselfe to *Rhetoricke* under *M. Fabius Quintilian*, declaming (as *Diveus* hath it) untill he was of middle age: but finding his declamatory admonitions to dead *Sylla* moved the ashes in his Urne, as much as the present successour to his Dictator-ship, *Domitian Cæsar*; weary of an Art that neither had an object in nature for Speculation, nor a subject for Practice, he left the pleasing but unprofitable fictions of the Oratour *Quintilian*, to prosecute the bitter but wholsome truths of the Satyrist *Lucilius*; which he did with an imitation so farre beyond his patterne in all perfections of learning, wit, and judgment, that he read his *Satyrs*, not only with the generall applause of the people of *Rome*, but even his learned

learned *Rhetorick-maſter* (as we may probably collect from his tenth booke of *Inſtitutions*) became a hearer and admirer of his *Poetry*: till the Emperour was moved againſt him by the great man at Court the Player *Paris*, who had conceived an implacable hatred to JUVENAL, for falling upon him, Sat. 7. where ſpeaking of the naked and empty fame of Poets, he ſayes, rich *Lucan* may be contented with it, but not poore *Saleius Baſſus*, or *Sarranus*, or *Statius* that (notwithſtanding his ſo crowded Poem of the *Theban* warre) might have ſterved, if he had not ſold his new Play of *Agave* to *Paris*, who (doing what the illuſtrious *Camerini* and *Barea* would not, or could not do) beſtowed the places of Colonels, and Serjeant-major-generalls upon thoſe that preſented him their Tragedies of *Pelopea* and *Philomela*. This was the matter of his crime, I ſhall now give you the forme of it in his owne expreſſion:

In't garden Lucan *pleas'd with fame may lye,*
With marble Nymphs and fountaines in his eye.
But Baſſus, *poore* Sarranus, *what to thee*
Is any glory, if't bare glory be?
To their deare Thebaids *they running throng,*
And to the ſound of his inchaunting tongue,
When Statius *with the promiſe of a day*
Ore joyes the towne; for in ſo ſweet a way

He

He reads his Poem, that to heare it ſpoke
A luſt affects the ſoule; yet when he broke
The benches with ſtrong lines, he muſt for bread
To Paris ſell Agave's maiden-head.
Many to honour in the warres he brings;
With ſummer annuelts and winter rings
He binds the poets fingers; what there lives
No Lord that will beſtow a Player gives.
Doſt thou attend the Camerini *then,*
And Bareæ? *thou other Noblemen*
In their great Courts? 'tis Pelopea *taket;*
She Præfect, Philomela *Tribunes makes.*

Theſe verſes ſealed the Poet a Commiſſion for a Præfects place in *Ægypt*, for *Parùs* neither able to indure ſo ſharpe a wit, nor to accuſe ſo cleare an innocence; and ſeeing no way to be even with the Authour of this Satyr, but by being himſelfe the Authour of another, frames a revenge out of the very ſubject of his anger, beſtowing upon JUVENAL a foot-Regiment of ſix hundred. "An old Manuſcript relates it "thus; *Domitian* displeaſed with JUVENAL "for glancing at his favours to *Parùs*, yet not "daring publickly to do any thing againſt the "man, baniſhed him under the name of an ho-"nourable imployment in the warres, making "him Præfect of a Cohort bound for *Ægypt*. Where he died with griefe to have ſo cruell a State-

State-tricke put upon him, as ſome Hiſtorians would perſwade us: but they meaſure his ſtrength by their owne weakneſſe, not by the large dimenſions of that heart which delivered ſuch bold and gallant things as his booke records; convincing likewiſe thoſe ignorant Chronologers: For take notice of the laſt lines of Sat. 4. and you will acknowledge when thoſe were writ, *Domitian* was dead; and yet he lived to put *Paris* to death. But if you will have a clearer inſtance, peruſe theſe words in Sat. 13.

We muſt not let our griefe be too profound:
Man's paine ſhould be no greater then his wound.
Thou brook'ſt not a ſleight hurt, a ſcratch, a turne
Of Fortune's wheele; thy bowells rage and burne,
That a pretended friend is ſo unjuſt,
Not to reſtore to thee a ſacred truſt.
Is this ſuch newes to'one borne when Capito
Was Conſul, above threeſcore yeares ago?

Now if you pleaſe to calculate the time and reckon lx. yeares from the Conſulſhippe of *L. Fonteius Capito*, who was Collegue with *C. Vipſanius* under *Nero*, in the yeare of the foundation of *Rome* eight hundred and twelve, you ſhall find that JUVENAL not only ſurvived *Domitian*, and the ſhort reigne of *Nerva*, but

but the 21 yeares of that excellent Emperour *Trajan*; and in the second year of *Hadrian*, being a. v. DCCCLXXII. he writ Sat. 13. to *Calvinus*. So that if time (that hath molder'd to dust the wonders of the world, burying the very Tombe of *Mausolus*) had left us no other monument of this *Roman* miracle, but his owne Workes, they will instruct us, that after his exile he injoyed his countrey, lived long in peaceable and happy times, and died crowned with the emblems of mortality and eternity, gray haires and lawrell.

The

The Printer to the Reader.

SOme few Apostrophes', Comma's and single Letters, you may please to correct with your eye, and with your pen these slips; Page 4. verse 79. for *and* r. *with*. p. 27. v. 166. for *Venus*, *Cybel's*. p. 33. v. 117. for *which* r. *withe* r. 33. v. 118. for *making* r. *waking*. p. 44. v. 173. for *with* r. *which*. p. 49. v. 101. r. *Micipsa*. p. 49. v. 104. r. *from which the*. p. 51. v. 160. for *Trebius* r. *Virro*. p. 53. v. 205. r. *the end*. p. 59. v. 103. after *hearts* insert *do*. p. 62. v. 136. r. *the white sow her wombe*. p. 74. v. 499. after *night* insert *her*. p. 80. v. 660. r. *disjoynted*. p. 81. v. 682. r. *tragick*. p. 81. v. 689. for *on* r. *no*.

The firſt Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

The Authour, by the Wits miſled
To heare their tedious poems read,
To be reveng'd will now reherſe,
But bates the Foll'yet of their verſe.
For he no bold Romances *writes,*
No fables of the Gods recites.
His Subject is man's horrid Crimes,
His end to diſabuſe the times.

SHall I but heare ſtill? never quit the ſtore?
Vext with hoarſe *Codrus Theſeids* o're and o're?
Shall he unpuniſht read to me his playes?
His elegies? huge *Telephus* whole dayes
Unpuniſht ſpend? or vaſt *Oreſtes*, writ
Oth' ſides, indorſ'd too, and not finiſht yet?
No man his owne houſe better knowes, then I
The Grove of *Mars* and *Vulcans Grotto*, nigh
The Æolian Cliffs: what ſtirres the winds, what paines
Æacus inflicts on ſoules, what thefe obtaines
The Golden Fleece, what faire Yong-aſhes fly
From *Centaures* hands, theſe *Fronto's* plane-trees cry,

And Marble pillars with fierce reading burſt,
Y'have theſe from the beſt Poets, and the worſt.
Wee therefore from the *Ferula* have tooke
Our hand, and thoſe vaine Hortatives forſooke
Wherein wee counſell'd *Sylla* to become
A private man and ſleepe ſecure at home.
Since moſt you meet are Poets, to forbeare
Paper that muſt be ſpoyl'd, fond pitty ſweare;
But why the great *Auruncan's* way wee goe,
If you're at leiſure, and diſpos'd, we'll ſhow.
When the ſoft Eunuch martyes. *Mævia* goares
Bare-breaſted, with her Speare the Thuſcan boares.
When all the Senat's wealth's out-vi'd by one
Who to my youthfull beard, offenſive growne,
Correction with his nimble fizzers gave,
When part of *Nile's* ſlime, that Canopian ſlave
Criſpinus flaunts it in his purple cloake;
Which flying back, his ſhoulders ſtill revoke.
A ſummer-hoope his ſweaty fingers ſwing,
Nor brookes a heavyer ſtone ſhould load his Ring.
'Tis hard not to write Satyrs: for what's he
Of ſuch a ſtupid patience, to be
By this corrupted City ſo controll'd?
Or who ſo made of Iron that can hold?
When fill'd with's owne bulke, in his new Sedan
Matho the Lawyer comes, and then the man

That

That his great friend accus'd, and will the reſt
O'th' ſpar'd Nobility e're long digeſt;
Whom *Maſſa* feares, *Carus* with gifts attends,
And *Thymile*, whom aw'd *Latinus* ſends.
When they ſhall juſtle thee out of thy right
That labour for their Legacyes by night.
Whom (the beſt way to riſe) th'old Lady ſets
In Heav'n a poore ounce *Proculeius* gets,
Gill eleven ounces, each his waight and meaſure,
Heyres to her wealth, as they advanc'd her pleaſure;
The price of his bloud waſted let him take,
And turne as pale as he that on a Snake
With naked feet improvidently treades,
Or he in *Lions* whoat the Altar pleades.
What fury, think you, my parcht liver boyles,
When with his traine the people's walk he ſpoyles,
That robb'd the Orphane, baggar'd now? when this
Condemn'd by ſentence but not puniſht is?
For what's the harme that infamy can dor,
The purſe ſafe? th'exile *Marius* quaffs at two,
From the angry gods he hath a bleſſing wonne,
But thou, victorious Province, art undone.
Are not theſe, *Horace*, worthy of thy Muſe?
Shall I wave theſe? what ſhould I rather chuſe?
The Tale of *Diomed*? or *Hercules*?
The *Minotaur*? the boy that in the Seas

Dy'd fluttring ? or the man of Art that flyes ?
While the Pimpe takes that which the law denyes
His Wife ſhould have, the Adulterer's Eſtate ;
The Pimpe that learnedly can ſpeculate
The chamber-ſeeling, and ore's liquor ſhowes
The trick of ſleeping with a waking noſe.
When for a Regiment of Foot he ſtands
Whoſe ſtable hath devour'd his houſe and lands,
That has not left of 's father's wealth to lay
One wager, whilſt in the *Flaminian* way
So flyingly he whirles his Chariot on ;
Nay when he was the Boy *Automedon*,
He held the reines, did his owne *Focky* act,
And of himſelfe to'his mantled Miſtris crackt.
Would it not make one Tomes and Satyrs fill
I'th' high wayes ? when that forger of the Will
Borne upon ſix men's ſhoulders (on both ſides
The curtaines tuckt up, windowes open) rides
Lolling *Mæcenas*-like, a bleſſed riſe
Got by'a wet gemme and parchment in a trice.
Ther's the great Lady that for rich wine brought
Her thifty Husband poyſon, and hath taught
(Subtler *Locuſta*) her rude neighbours how
Through fame and men to beare blacke corpſes now.
Do, what ſhort *Giarus* or chaines deſerves,
If thou'lt be made by't: virtue's prais'd, but ſterves.

Their

Their fayre Piles, Gardens, Tables, vice ſets up,
Old Plate, and Goates that ſeeme t'outſtride the cup.
For Fathers-in-law that covetous Daughters keep,
Baſe Brides, looſe *Prætextati*, who can ſleep?
If nature will not, ſcorne a verſe indites,
Such ſtuffe as I, or *Cluvienus* writes.
E're ſince *Deucalion* in the ſhowre ſwolne flood,
Sayl'd to that Oracle o'th Mountaine ſtood,
Since in ſoft ſtones a warme ſoule gently flow'd,
And naked maides to men wiſe *Pyrrha* ſhow'd:
What men doe, their hopes, feares, diſtaſtes, contents,
Sports, fates, the medley is our Booke preſents.
And when was ſinne more fruitfull? Avarice
Rackt to ſo high a pitch? when were the dice
In ſuch requeſt? nor doe our gameſters lay
Their purſes downe, but ſet their trunks at play.
What Battailes their armes-bearing Stewards fight
You ſee; and doe you think his ſenſes right,
Can at one throw eight hundred pieces loſe,
Nor paies his ſhiv'ring man the coate he owes?
Who built ſo many villa's? when waſt knowne
Our Fathers with ſeven diſhes ſupt alone?
A little Basket now before the doore
They ſet forth to be ſcrambled for by th'Poore.
But firſt he viewes your face, for feare you crave
By ſome falſe name, if knowne, your almes you have.

Our ancient *Trojans* ſummon'd are alowd,
For they themſelves with us the threſhold crowd.
Give to the Prætor, give the Tribune's hold,
The Freed-man's firſt, I came firſt, I'le be bold
(Why not?) to take place, though a neighbour borne
T'*Euphrates*, as theſe mark's of ſlavery corne
In both my eares confeſſe, though I deny.
Five Houſes worth three thouſand pound have I,
To make a Gentleman what more's requir'd?
Is not *Corvinus* neere *Laurentum* hir'd
To keep ſheep? I more riches have attain'd,
Then e're my predeceſſour *Pallas* gain'd.
The *Licini* ne're knew ſo great a ſumme,
Then let the Tribunes ſtay, let wealth o're come.
Not ſacred honour yield to him, whoſe feet
Chalk'd o're for ſale, did firſt our pavement greet.
For, here, to mony's majeſty wee yield
Divine reſpects, though, fatall gold, w build
To thee no Temples yet, though ſilver hath
No Altars like to thoſe of Virtue, Faith,
Peace, Victory, and Concord that ſo creakes
When to the Stoike her neſt a welcome ſpeakes.
But in their yeare's accounts when our great men
Th' Almes-basket ſumme, what may their Clients then?
Whoſe old ſhooes hang here, there a kind of cloake,
And nothing elſe ith' houſe, but bread and ſmoake.

Sedan-

Sedan-fulls for theſe hundred farthings throng,
He beares *his* pregnant or pale wife along,
He beggs for th' abſent, a ſhe tricke, now knowne,
An empty cloſe-chaire for his wife is ſhowne.
My *Galla*'s here, diſpatch her, why doſt ſtay?
Let's ſee her? ſhee ſleepes, trouble't not, I pray.
The day's ſpent rarely, firſt th' Almes-basket's vext,
The *forum*, Counſellour *Apollo* next,
And our triumphall Marbles, where I marke,
One ſtil'd the Ægyptian, or th' Arabarch.
Of whom I knew no more but only this,
You may againſt his ſtatue more then piſſe.
Th'old Clients tyr'd march from their Patrons gate,
Where they long time did for a ſupper waite;
But now lay downe that flattering deſire,
Vaine hopes of men! they muſt buy rootes and fire.
Meane time their Prince hath ſerv'd up to his bord
All rarities the Seas and Woods afford:
On's empty Beds his eaſe he only takes,
And of ſo many old faire large Tables makes
His choice of one to hold his various meates,
And there alone his Patrimony eates:
He'll not allow the Paraſite a place.
Who can indure a Luxury ſo baſe,
Huge gluttony t'ingroſſe whole Boates, a beaſt
That onely was created for a feaſt?

But ſwift's thy plague, when ſwelling and undreſt
Thou bath'ſt crude peacock which thou'lt ne're digeſt,
Thus youth untimely, age inteſtate dyes,
Newes not ſad newes, to every table flyes,
And at theſe funeralls their angry friends
Applaud the juſtice of ſuch fearefull ends.
Poſterity can no new vices frame,
Our Nephewes will but wiſh and act the ſame.
All ſins are at their zenith. Muſe, away,
Hoyſt ſaile, ſpread all thy Canvaſſe. Poet ſtay,
Wher's wit to ſuit the matter? wher's th'old kind
Of writing whatſoever vext the mind?
That liberty, whoſe name we ſcarce dare uſe?
All's one, if *Mutius* cavill, or excuſe.
Touch *Tigillinus*; and thou ſhalt expire,
Wrapt up in pitch and flax, and ſet on fire,
Like thoſe with propt-up throates, that ſmoaking ſtand
Who dragg'd to execution, plough'd the ſand.
Whiſ'ſt he that poyſoned his three unckles, borne
On's pendent couch, thy death ſhall laugh to ſcorne.
If he come, lay thy finger o're thy lipps,
Th'informer catches the leaſt word that ſlipps.
Æneas thou maiſt ſafely bring to fight
With furious *Turnus*, and move no mans ſpight,
Achilles ſlaine hurts no one; *Hylas* gone
After his broken pitcher, troubles none.

But

But when *Lucilius* as with brandisht steele
Prints his hot fury, he whose spirits feele
Cold guilt, his crimes lay'd open blushing heares,
His conscious entrailes sweate; hence rage and teares.
These things before the trumpet sounds debate,
The plumed combatant repents too late.
Well then, I'le try what wee of those may say,
Interr'd ith' *Latine* and *Flaminian* way.

The

The ſecond Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

Men are not what their lookes averre.
Ther's vice ith' grave Philoſopher.
The Judge the bench'es honour ſtaines.
The Prieſt his holy rites profanes.
The armed Generall paints his face:
The nobly-borne foule acts debaſe.
The cauſe is, none but Children now
A Hell for wicked ſoules allow.

BEyond *Sarmatia*, and the frozen ſea,
My ſelf, I hence could willingly convey.
Upon our manners when their boldneſſe calls
That ſpeake like *Curii*, live like *Bacchanals*.
Th'unlearn'd firſt, though *Chryſippus* ſtatues be
In all their ſtudyes, for a rare man's he
Th'effigies of *Pittacus* can get,
Or purchaſe *Ariſtotle*'s counterfeit.
And bids *Cleanthes*, drawne by'a maſter's hand,
There, as his grave Library keeper, ſtand.
No truſt to faces. For what ſtreet but fills
With reverend vices? thou rebuk'ſt our ills,

When

When thou thy ſelfe art knowne to be ſo right,
So perfect a *Socraticke* Catamite.
Indeed rough hairy limbs and armes that beare
Such ſtiffened briſtles, promiſe minds ſevere.
But from their ſmooth poſteriours when he files
Th'unnaturall tumours off, the Surgion ſmiles.
They doate on ſilence, ſeldome ſpeake, and haire
Shorter then that upon their eye-browes, weare,
More truth and candour *Peribonius* ſh wes,
He whoſe debauchter face and miene diſcloſe
His mind's diſeaſes; doubtleſſe 'tis his fate,
I his ſimplicity commiſerate,
Meere madneſſe pleades in his excuſe. But them
As farre the baſer perſons, I condemne,
That vice, with words like *Hercules* aſſaile,
And magnifying virtue, wagge the taile.
Shall I, defam'd *Varillus* layes, feare thee,
Looſe *Sextus*? wherein doſt thou better me?
Let him that upright goes the lame deride,
The fayre the *Æthiop*. But who'll abide
The *Gracchi* ſhould ſedition decry?
Who'd not mix heav'n and earth, the ſea and ſky,
If *Milo* ſhould diſlike a murtherer,
Verres a thiefe, *Clodius* a whore-maſter.
Catiline treaſon in *Cethegus* blame,
Sylla's three ſchollers 'gainſt his acts declaime?

What

What foule inceſtuous coupling *one* contriv'd,
Of late, and then that bitter law reviv'd,
That all men; nay, ev'n *Mars* and *Venus*, ſcar'd:
Whil'ſt with aborives the poore *Julia* mart'd
Her fruitfull wombe, and lumps of fleſh thence teem'd
That ev'n the pictures of her unkle ſeem'd.
Such fained *Scauri* who but well may ſlight,
Though ne're ſo bad, and rated turne and bite?
Wher's your Law *Julian*, ſuch a ſow'r ſir cry'd,
Sleeps it? *Laronia* with a ſmile reply'd,
Bleſt times, that make thee Cenſour, chaſtly giv'n
Rome now'll be, a third *Cato*'s dropt from Heav'n.
Th'oyle that perfumes thy hairy neck, let's know
Where it was bought; bluſh not, thy druggiſt ſhow.
But if you wake the ſtatutes, reinforce
The Law *Scantinian*, note men, they doe worſe.
But number their Battalia defends
And cloſe-joyn'd ſhields: looſe livers are faſt friends,
Our ſex hath none of your deteſted tricks,
Tedia, *Cluvia*, *Flora* never licks
Catulla. *Hiſpo* paſſive pleaſure knowes,
And pale with doing and with ſuffring growes.
Doe wee plead? ſtudy wee your Civill lawes?
Shake wee your Courts with bawling in a cauſe?
Some few of us eate dyet-bread, ſome fence,
You ſpin wooll, and in baskets carry thence

Your works; you from the pregnant ſpindle twine
Threads nimbler then *Arachne*, and more fine
Then chaſt *Penelope*, or ſhe that ſpins,
Shiv'ring i'th' ſtocks, a penance for her ſins.
'Tis knowne, why *Hiſter* made's freed-man h s Heyre,
And living gave his Wife ſo large a ſhire.
She's rich that lyes third in a great mans bed.
Silence earnes jewells; hold thy peace and wed.
Yet for a law, that's death to us, you move.
Cenſure acquits the Crow, condemnes the Dove.
Sham'd by *Laronia* our ſeft *Stoicks* fly,
For what deliver'd ſhe they could deny?
But what in others can deform'd appeare?
When thou, grave Judge, doſt mingled ſarcenet weare,
Nay ſtuff in thoſe thin ſilks, amazing *Rome*,
And doſt our *Procula s* and *Pollinea s* doome?
Fabulla will the deed you wot of do,
Let her be puniſh'd for't; *Carfinia* too,
Againſt her be, what e're thou wilt, decreed,
She will not, though condemn'd, weare ſuch a weed:
But *July*'s hot, I ſweare: then naked go,
For madneſſe will not halfe diſgrace thee ſo.
This Robe had our victorious Fathers ſeene
Thee paſſing lawes in, when their wounds were greene,
Or had our mountaineers beheld it, how
Would they have hear'd thee when they came from plough?

Heav'n

Heav'n, that a Judge should such a Robe invest!
Wer't handsome if a witnesse were so dresst?
Thou *Cretan* master that free lawes hast taught,
Th'art growne transparent, this disease th'hast caught,
And others will, as where our pastures lie,
If one sheep's rotten the whole flock will die;
As swine th'infectious meazles cannot scape,
And that grape rots that sees a tainted grape.
This shameleſſe habit will not be thy worſt,
In time; none ever was ſtark-naught at firſt.
One of thoſe Prieſts whoul't by degrees become
That in long filets bind their haire at home,
Be-jewell all their necks, and with a great
Full goblet and a yong ſow's paunch, intreat
The goddeſſe *Bona*, an unuſuall way.
No female th'altars of this goddeſſe may
Approach, to men they only open lye,
You prophane women get you gone, they crye;
None ſounds a call with her lowd cornet here.
At *Athens*, ſuch the *Baptiſts* Orgyes were,
When they their ſecret torches did advance
And tir'd-out their *Corittus* with a dance.
He with a black and oblique pencill dyes
His eye-browes, lifting up his trembling eyes;
He wine out of a glaſſe-*priapus* ſwills;
He a gold-cawle with huge long treſſes fills;

Sky-coloured

Sky-coloured ſhield-worke, or white ſattin weares,
And by his maſter's *Iuno* his man ſweares.
He holds that mirrour pathicke *Otho* bore,
(*Alter Aruncus* ſpoiles) which when he wore
His armes he view'd himelfe in, when he gave
The Battaile's ſignall, and bad th'Enſignes wave:
A gallant ſubject, for new Annals fit,
And ſhould in our time's Hiſtory be writ,
A look-ing-glaſſe did load the Generall's carre,
And was the Bagage of a Civill warre.
Oh 'twas done like a Generall, was it not?
And a true *Roman*, *Galba*'s death to plot,
Ith' *Bebriacke* Field to hope with ſpoyles to grace
The *Capitol*, to greaſe and paint the face?
Which proud *Semiramis*, when ſhee put on
Her Quiver, would not doe at *Babylon*.
Nor did the penſive *Cleopatra* dippe
Her pencill, when aboard her *Actian* ſhippe.
Here's lewd diſcourſe, at Table no reſpect,
Foule *Phrygian* talke, the liſping dialect
Taught by th'old white-h ir'd man, of ſpeciall note
For his ſo ſpacious and authentick throate,
The chiefe-Prieſt, by celeſtiall pow'rs inſpir'd,
A maſter for the *Guſto* to be hir'd.
Why doe not theſe with *Phrygian* razours take
That fleſh away of which no uſe they make?

A Piper,

A Piper, or a Trumpeter, had fowre
Hundred ſeſtertia for *Gracchus* Dower:
Deeds were drawne, joy giv'n, a great Supper made;
The Bride was in his Bridegroome's boſome layd;
You Lords of *Rome*, doe we the *Cenſour* need,
Or th' *Aruſpex*? theſe horrid things exceed
All monſters, though a woman ſhould be damme
Unto a calfe, or a cow calve a lambe.
He who the ſacred ſhields th' Ancilia bore
By unſeene thongs, toyling and ſweating ſore,
Weares a fring'd petticoat and the crimſon veyle.
O god of warre! how did theſe crimes affaile
The *Latian* ſhepherds? how, *Rome's* father, ſprung?
Theſe nettles up that have thy children ſtung?
Behold a man great both in wealth and birth
Marryes a man; yet thou into the earth
Runſt not thy ſpeare, nor thy plum'd helmet ſhak'ſt,
Nor a complaint unto thy father mak'ſt.
Goe then, and to ſome other pow'r divine
Thoſe dreadfull fields, which thou neglect'ſt, aſſigne!
To-morrow morning early on my friend
I in *Quirinus* valley muſt attend.
Why thither? cannot your owne gueſſe decide
That queſtion? my he-friend's to be a Bride.
They bid few now, but to the world they'll give
Notice, and hav's recorded, if they live.

Meane time, the female's troubled much, ſhe can
No iſſue have ſo to oblige the man.
But 'tis well nature pow'r to th'mind denyes
The body to transforme. She barren dyes;
Swolne *Lide*'s ſalve-box helpes not, nor to ſtand
Where th'active *Luperci* may clap her hand.
More monſtrous yet a *Gracchus* did appeare,
In's Fencers caſſocke, with's three-forked ſpeare,
And view'd the liſts round, as he fled the chace;
Borne nobler, then the whole *Capitolin* race,
Marcelli, *Catuli*, the *Fabian* name,
Thoſe who their pedigree from *Paullus* claime,
And all that from the ſcaffolds ſaw the ſport
He made, not hating him that paid him for't.
That there be ghoſts and regions under-ground,
And th'oare, and black toades in the *Stygian* Sound,
And thouſands row'd in one boat, finds not faith
With boyes, but ſuch as pay not for their bath.
Beleeve thou. What *Camillus*, what now knowes
Fabricius, *Curius*, both the *Scipio's*,
The Legion that fell upon the traine
At *Cremera*, the youth at *Cannæ* ſlaine,
Soules of ſo many Battailes? Ever when
Our ſhades deſcend, the ſpirits of theſe men
Would purifie themſelves, if they could get
Torches and ſulphur, and had lawrell wet.

Thither

Thither alas wee wretches go. We boaſt
Our conqueſts, ſtrecht beyond the Iriſh coaſt
And th'*Orcades*, now ours by Martiall right,
And *Brittaine*, pleas'd with very little night.
Yet, what by us, the conquerours, is done,
The vanquiſht ſcorne: *Zalates* only, one
Of thoſe *Armenian* youths, more lewd (they ſay)
Then all ours, to the Tribune's flame gave way.
See what acquaintance does! he hither came
A Hoſtage, men wee in this city frame.
For had theſe boyes ſtay'd, all had lovers tooke,
Their country-cloths, whipps, bridles, knives forſooke;
Thus back againe t'*Artaxata* they beare
The manners of the *Pretextati* here.

The third Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

Umbritius layes the Poet downe
The reasons why he leaves the Towne.
No living there for th'honest poore:
The Greekes turne Romans out o'doore.
What pleasure the safe Country knowes,
Th'ill arts and frights of Rome he shewes;
And would say more, but's put in mind
Of parting by the sun declin'd.

THough my old friend's Remove my soule doth wound,
I joy that he's for empty *Cumæ* bound
On *Sybil* to bestow one Dweller more.
Tis th'entrance to the Bath, a pleasant shore
For sweete retirement: ev'n their *Prochyta*
Does our *Suburra* in my mind surpasse.
For what's so lonely, wretched, horrid there;
As frights of fire, still falling houses, here?
And thousand dangers this curst Towne must dread,
Besides the Poets that in *August* read.
The waggon, wherein all his house was lay'd,
At moist *Capena* and th'old arches stay'd,

Where nighly *Numa* and his Goddesse met,
Whose sacred Grove and Fountaine are now let
Withall her Temple-buildings to the Jewes,
Whose hay and basket's all the stock they use.
For ev'ry tree the peoples rent must pay:
The poore Grove beggs, the Muses turn'd away.
Into *Egeria's* valley wee descend,
To those fayre Wells, which art presum'd to mend.
How much diviner had those waters beene,
If with a border of eternall greene,
The grasse about the spring had still remain'd,
Nor marble had the native stone prophan'd?
Here then *Umbricius* say'd, since for our paines
In honest arts the city yields no gaines;
My stock's lesse this day then the day before,
Yet will to morrow shrink that little more:
I meane to goe and settle in that towne,
Where *Dædalus* his wearyed wings lay'd downe.
Whilst my strait age of youth's not quite bereft,
Whilst my hayre's gray, whilst there's a remnant left
For *Lachesis* to spinne, whilst I walk on
My owne leggs, need no staffe to leane upon,
I of my birth-place take my last farewell.
There let *Arturius* and *Catulus* dwell,
Men that turne black to white, that can with ease
Farme holy earth, the rivers and the seas,

Be ſcavengers, bodyes to burning beare,
And ſell ſlaves under the commanding ſpeare?
Theſe village-knowne cheeks, that in country liſtes
Were fencers men, theſe ſometimes Fluteniſtes,
Beare office now, and with reverſt thumbs kill,
The people ſhouting, what poore rogue they will;
Returning thence, hire the gold-finders place,
Indeed what not? ſince they are of that race
Riſe to high honours from the meaneſt birth,
As oft as fortune is diſpos'd to mirth.
What ſhould I doe at *Rome*? I cannot ly,
Nor when a booke is vilely writ comply
And begge a copie. How your planet runnes
I know not; promiſe fathers deaths to fonnes,
Nor can, nor will I: I did ne're diſſect
Toades entrailes: what commands lewd friends direct
To others wives convey'd by others be:
No thiefe ſhall his receiver make of me,
I therefore walke as a maim'd man alone,
Like th'uſeleſſe body when the right hand's gone.
Who's now belov'd, but he that can reveale
Foule truſts which he for ever ſhould conceale?
He owes thee nothing, nothing will beſtow
That lets thee but an honeſt ſecret know,
Him *Verres* with a deere regard will uſe,
Can *Verres* when he is ſo pleas'd, accuſe.

Let not rich *Tagus* buy thee from thy ſleepe,
Nor all the gold that roles into the deepe.
Take not baſe bribes, which thy ſad ſoule reject,
Whilſt thy great friend the faith he hires ſuſpects.
Now what they are our rich men love ſo well,
I loath ſo much, I haſt, nor bluſh to tell.
I cannot, *Romans*, this *Greeke* towne abide;
Not's all *Greeke* filth, for long ſince with the tide
To *Tiber*, *Syrian Orontes* flow'd,
Their oblique ſtrings and fidlers, language, mode,
Their country Cimballs too they brought a-land,
And hackney-wenches that ith' *Circus* ſtand.
Walke thither you that doe a fancy beare
To Curtezans that painted Miters weare.
Our nointed clowne prize-playing ornaments,
Or a poore Basket-ſcrambling gowne contents.
Thoſe borne at *Andros*, *Samos*, *Amidon*,
At *Tralles*, *Alaband*, high *Scicyon*,
Have th'honour in th'*Eſquilian* Mount to live,
Or that to which a name the wickers give.
Now ſervants in great houſes, ſome-yeares hence
Their Lords, thanks to their deſperate impudence,
Their nimble wit, and ready tongue that goes
Swift as the torrent from *Iſæus* flowes.
Tell me what's he in whom comes every man?
A Rhetorician, a Grammarian,

A Painter,

A Painter, Nointer, Augur, Geomertician,
A Dauncer-o'th-ropes too, a Phisitian,
And a Magitian, he does all things know:
T'heav'n th'hungry *Greeke* will, if you'll have him, go.
In short, *Moore*, *Tartar*, *Thracian* was he not,
Found th'use of wings, but even at *Athens* got.
Should I not fly from these great Lords! shall he
Seale first, and at a feast take place of me,
Hith by the same wind wafted hither bin
That brings us *Syrian* figgs and sea-cole in?
Is it no priviledge that we were bred
In *Roman* ayre, with *Sabine* olives fed?
The wise *Greeke* parasite will the speech commend
Of his unlearn'd, the face of's ugly friend,
His long weake neck t'*Alcides* back compare,
When he holds vast *Antæus* in the ayre;
Admire his small voice, which sounds duller then
The Cock that treading bites his mate the Henne.
We the same flattery may use, but they
Find credit, they do't better: when they play
The naked *Venus*, or a modest wife,
Or *Thais*, why; they doe it to the life;
The woman's seene, 'tis not the Actour speakes;
All's plaine beneath the waste, and gently breakes;
Nor should *Demetrius* be so much esteem'd,
Antiochus, *Stratocles*, such wonders deem'd,

Or ſoft-toung'd *Hamm* thought ſo rare a man,
The very nation's a Comedian.
Smile you? a lowder laughter ſhakes him; weepe?
He his friend company, in teares will keepe,
But grieves not; if you ſay the winter's cold
And call for fire, he'll in a rugge be roll'd;
Cry but 'tis hot, he ſweats. Is ours then fit
To be compar'd to his tranſcendent wit?
Can day or night, on every little chance,
Alter the copy of his countenance?
Who praiſes his friends ſuite with hands at's face,
If he belch well, or piſſe with a good grace.
Or if the bottome oth'gilt bowle turn'd up,
He fetch the froth off with a gallant ſup.
Then nothing's ſafe from's luſt, or unprophan'd,
Not your chaſt wife, your ſonne till then unſtain'd,
The yet-ſmooth bridegroome, or your virgin-child,
Has'e none of theſe? thy houſe is then defil'd,
He'll chamber-ſecrets know, and thence be fear'd.
And ſince ſome mention of the *Greekes* y'have heard,
To their *Gymnaſium* paſſe, where our youth learnes,
And heare a crime the reverend gowne concernes.
A friend by an informer, *Baveus*
By th'*Stoicke*, his grave tutour, murdered was,
That old knave, who did there an infant dwell
Where from the flying horſe a feather fell,

No place for any *Roman* here remaines
Where *Erimanthus* or *Protogenes* raignes,
Or *Diphilus*, that by's nation's vice will owne
No partner, but enjoyes his friend alone:
For if his clime's or nature's venome fall
Into an easie eare, good night to all
My tedious service, out o'doore I'm hurld,
A client's the least losse in all the world.
Indeed, how can poore people hope reward,
For nightly running in their gownes so hard?
When as the Prætor bids his Lictor make
Maine hast to's childlesse friends long since awake,
For feare lest his Collegue before him may
Wish *Modia* or *Albina* a good day?
This gentleman's, and that rich servant's sonne
Who takes the wall of him, together runne,
The one whereof bestowes what would have paid
The Tribune for a Legion, to trade
With *Catiena*, or *Catvina* embrace
But once or twice; but th'other likes the face
Of some poore slut, and will the charges spare
To take downe *Chio* from her lofty chaire.
At *Rome* a witnesse bring from taint as free
As *Venus* host, let *Numa* appeare, or he
Sav'd frighted *Pallas* from her temples flame,
Straight his estate's examin'd, last his fame?

What

What ſervants keeps he, what's he worth in land?
On's boord how great, how many chargers ſtand?
As much coine as in's coffers each man hath,
So much is th'eſtimation of his faith,
Should'ſt thou make oath by all thoſe ſacred pow'rs
The *Samothracians* worſhip, or by ours,
That poore men thunder, and the gods contemne,
'Tis held, and that the gods diſpenſe with them.
Then one's a common theame for mirth and ſcorne,
If's Gowne be ſordid, his Cloake old and torne,
His Shooe-ſole gape, or in the ſtucht-up wound
The ſeverall ſcarrs by the new thread be found.
In wretched beggery nothing's harder, then
That ſo ridiculous it renders men.
Get y'our, whoſe meanes fall ſhort o h' law, one cryes,
For ſhame from off the noble cuſhion riſe.
Let th'iſſue of ſome ſtewes, or the ſpruce Heyre
Oth'cryer ſit, and give his plaudit there
With fine young Fencers, Baſquet-ſcramblers, thus
It pleas'd vaine *Otho* to diſtinguiſh us.
Here wife or ſonne-in-law, with meane eſtates,
Who chuſes? who the poore his Heyre creates?
When's he oth' Ædiles councell? e're this day
We meaner *Romans* ought t'have troope away.
Where want keeps virtue downe, men ſeldome riſe,
But 'tis at *Rome* the hardeſt enterpriſe.

190 Here

Here ſervant's bellyes your expenſe inlarge,
A baſe roome's deare, a ſlender meale great charge?
We bluſh to eate in earth, they doe not ſo
That hence removing to the *Marſians* go,
That are contented with *Sabellian* food,
And only weare a courſe *Venetian* hood.
There's a great part of *Italy* where none
With Gownes are cover'd, but the dead alone;
Where if ſome feaſt-dayes Majeſty looke bigge
Oth'flowry ſtage, they end with the old jigge.
And the poore country child in's mother's arme
Feares the pale gaping thing will doe it harme.
All goe alike there, in one Equipage
You ſee the people and thoſe next the ſtage.
White garments ſerve the Ædiles of the towne;
And 'tis eſteem'd a robe of high renowne.
Here's gallantry beyond our meanes, here's more
Then needs, oft taken from anothers ſtore.
Ambitious poverty's our common vice.
In ſhort, all things in *Rome* are at a price.
What wilt thou give once *Coſſus* to ſalute,
Or that *Vienta* looke at thee though mute;
This mowes his beard downe, he'll the favorite trimme;
His houſe is fill'd with offrings made to him.
This for your ſelfe, ſir, tribute we muſt pay
To our Patron's men, make them as rich as gay.

Who

Who feares or ever fear'd in country townes
Their bane, at moiſt *Preneſte*, where wood crownes
The *Volſian* cliffs, among the ſimple ſort
Of *Gabians*, or in bending *Tibur's* fort?
We fill a towne ſhoard-up with ſlender poles
Brought by the boore, who th'old wide-gaping holes
Dawbes over, and then bids us ſleep ſecure,
When we to ſleep for ever may be ſure.
Let me live where no night-ſhricks terrifye,
Here one, fire fire, here others water crye,
Vcalegon tuggs out his lumber there;
Below they've chimneys, therefore fire may feare;
But thou three ſtoryes high unwarn'd art took,
That couldſt for no miſchance but drowning look,
The raine from thy loft being kept away
By th'only tiles, where eggs ſoft pidgeons lay.
Shorter then *Proculs Codrus* had a bed,
Six little pitchers crown'd his cupboord's head,
And under it there lay a two-eat'd pot
By *Cheiron's* herball; Item, he had got
A cheſt with ſome *Greeke* Authors, where the fierce
And barbarous mice gnaw'd never-dying verſe.
That *Codrus* was worth nothing, who but knowes?
Yet he poore wretch did all that nothing looſe;
And to compleate this naked beggers griefe
None gave him houſe-roome, or a meal's reliefe.

But

But when *Arturius* his great houſe was burn'd,
The city droopt, the Conſcript-Fathers mourn'd,
The Prætor ſtrait adjournes the Court, the fate
Of *Rome* we groane for, fire it ſelfe we hate.
Whilſt th'houſe burnes, one ſends marble and great ſums;
With milke-white naked ſtatues th'other comes;
Euphranor's worke or *polyclet*'s rare piece
This gives, old buskins of the gods of *Greece*;
Bookes, ſhelfes, *Minervs* to the waſt, he brings;
A buſhell full of ſilver he: more things
And better then he his could ever call
This *perſian* now receives, more rich then all
Rome's childleſſe men, ſuſpected to conſpire
(Good cauſe) the ſetting his owne houſe a fire.
Could you be from the *circus* wean'd, you may
Buy a neate houſe at *Fabrateria*
At *Sora* or *Fruſino*, for what here
You ſit at, to hire darkeneſſe for a yeare.
There your ſhort Well no bucket need's, but wets
With eaſe your little garden's tender ſets;
Live, love thy rake, and ſallets neately dreſt
Which may a hundred *Pythagorians* feaſt;
'Tis ſomewhat, be where't will, to be decreed
Lord of ſo much as may one lizzard feed.
Moſt ſick men here with over-watching dye,
Such crudities breed meates that baking lye

Ob-

Oth'burning ſtomacke. What refreſhment get
Poore Trades-men? ſleepe at a high rate is ſet;
Hence ſpring diſeaſes: when the waggons meet
Ith'oblique turning of ſome narrow ſtreet,
The Carr-men there that ſtand and ſcold, would keep
Dull *Druſus* or the Sea calfe from his ſleep.
When buſineſſe calls, the crowd a rich man ſhuns,
Whilſt o're their heads in's huge Sedan he runs,
Reads, writes, or ſleeps within it as he goes,
For ſleepe will come if he the curtaines cloſe;
Yet he's there firſt; for as we haſt, we find
A ſtreame before us, and a tide behind,
He ſhoves with's elbowes, he with harder blocks,
Our heads this cowle-ſtaffe and that barrell knocks.
Dirt noints our thighs, and then the great foot kicks,
And in our fingers th'horſe-mans rowell ſticks.
Seeſt not what ſmoake the Almes-basket celebrates,
A hundred Gueſts, on each his Kitchen waites.
Scarce *Corbulo* could ſuch huge chargers lift,
And chafing-diſhes, as one Groome makes ſhift
To beare on's ſteady head, and runs ſo faſt
He fannes the coales, and teares his cloaths with haſt:
Now meets he Carts wherein tall firre-trees quake,
Now ſome that pine-trees at the people ſhake,
Suppoſe the Axel-tree ſhould breake that beares
Ligurian ſtones, if powr'd about his eares,

That

That mountaine ſhould thy ſhiver'd ſlave intombe,
What thinkſt thou of his carkaſſe would become?
Where any limme lyes who could finde the hole?
His body ſure would vaniſh like his ſoule.
His fellowes ſafe at home the diſhes waſh,
Blow with their mouthes the fire, the pointers claſh,
And boyes doe in their ſeverall places toyle
To fold up napkins full of ſweat and oyle.
Whilſt Novice-Ghoſt he ſits upon the ſhore,
Affraid of *Charon*, hopeleſſe to get o're
Foule *Styx*, from's mouth not able to defray,
Poore ſoule, that token, ſhould his waftage pay.
Now note more dangers that attend the night,
To beat our braines out, from how great a height
Fall Potts, which cracke, or ſlipping, how they print
The pavement with their weight, and hurt the flint?
Thou'lt be thought dull, ſenſeleſſe of caſuall ill,
To ſuppe abroad, and firſt not make thy Will;
For which ſo many fates thou art to cope,
As in thy way are making windowes ope;
Wiſh therefore, wretch, nay, pray that they may crowne
Thee onely with the lotions they caſt downe.
The wild and drunken youth, unleſſe he fight
And kill his man, can take no reſt that night,
But like *Achilles*, when for's friend he mournes,
Now on his face, then on his back he turnes,

His owne he looſes if *Romes* peace he keep,
A quarrell ſtill is prologue to his ſleep.
Yet though raſh yeares and hotter wine provoke,
He's ſubtle, and avoids the purple cloake,
And his long traine of friends and groome
With burning torches and with lampe
But I that have the Moone before me
Or a ſhort frugall candle, am his ſco
Heare how we quarrell'd, if a quarre
Where he layes on, the blowes I one
He ſtands before me, and I commands
And I muſt be obedient to's comman
Alas? what would you have a man to
Ith' hands of one that's mad, and ſtronger
Whence com'ſt, he cryes, whoſe beanes have ſwe
Whoſe vine-egre haſt drunke? what cobler put
His purſe to thine, ſome rare chopt leeks to buy,
T'eate with a fry'd ſheepes face? wilt not reply?
Speake, or i'le kicke thee; ſay, where dwell'ſt thou? what
Odde corner ſhall I find thee begging at?
Frame anſwers, or ſay nothing, all's alike,
He'll beat thee, and make oath that thou didſt ſtrike:
A poore man's liberty is onely this,
He muſt the hand that baſtanades him kiſſe,
And give his beater thanks with all his heart,
He'll let him with ſome few of's teeth depart.

Nor

Nor is this all thy danger, he's not farre,
Will rob thee, when their doores ſhop-keepers barre,
When every hindge is ſilent, theeves then creepe
To cut thy throat, for when our ſouldiers keepe
Th: *Pontine* fenns, and guard the *Galline* wood,
Rogues thence run hither for their livelyhood.
[illegible]ut forge, what anvill but where chaines are wrought;
[illegible] ſtore of iron's to make fetters bought,
[illegible]t ſhortly to want plough-ſhares we may feare;
[illegible] pruning-hooks and mattocks will be deare.
[illegible] great-grand-fathers grand-fathers were bleſt,
[illegible]y under Kings and Tribunes liv'd the beſt,
[illegible]hen throughout *Rome* one priſon ſerv'd for all.
I could ſay more, but ſee the cattell call,
The Sunne too is declining, I muſt go,
The carter cracks his whippe, and tells me ſo.
Adieu, be mindfull of us, and when *Rome*
Lets thee to thy refreſhing *Aquine* come,
As thou to *Elvin Ceres* ſpurſt thy horſe
And thy *Diana*, me from *Cumæ* force;
To your moiſt fields, if us this do not ſhame,
I'll come in taſes, and more Satyrs frame.

His owne he looſes if *Romes* peace he keep,
A quarrell ſtill is prologue to his ſleep.
Yet though raſh yeares and hotter wine provoke,
He's ſubtle, and avoids the purple cloake,
And his long traine of friends and groomes, that paſſe
With burning torches and with lamps of braſſe.
But I that have the Moone before me borne,
Or a ſhort frogall candle, am his ſcorne.
Heare how we quarrell'd, if a quarrell 'twere,
Where he layes on, the blowes I onely beare;
He ſtands before me, and I commands me ſtand,
And I muſt be obedient to's command:
Alas? what would you have a man to doe,
Ith' hands of one that's mad, and ſtronger too?
Whence com'ſt, he cryes, whoſe beanes have ſwel'd thy gut?
Whoſe vine-egre haſt drunke? what cobler put
His purſe to thine, ſome rare chopt leeks to buy,
T'eate with a fry'd ſheepes face? wilt not reply?
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Such ſtore of iron's to make fetters bought,
That ſhortly to want plough-ſhares we may feare,
That pruning-hooks and mattocks will be deare.
Our great-grand-fathers grand-fathers were bleſt,
They under Kings and Tribunes liv'd the beſt,
When throughout *Rome* one priſon ſerv'd for all;
I could ſay more, but ſee the cattell call,
The Sunne too is declining, I muſt go,
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As thou to *Elvin Ceres* ſpurſt thy horſe
And thy *Diana*, me from *Cumæ* force;
To your moſt fields, if us this do not ſhame,
I'll come in taſes, and more Satyrs frame.

The fourth Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

The Mullet that Criſpinus *bought*
Minds th' Authour of a Turbut brought
To th' Emperour, ſo huge, no Pot
That would containe it, could be got;
The Senate's call'd, the Fathers ſit,
On a deſigne for boyling it,
They all are character'd, deviſe
A way to cooke it, and then riſe.

BEhold *Criſpinus* once againe comes forth,
And ofe I'll ſhew him, monſter, who no worth
Redeemes from vice, weak, only ſtrong in luſt,
Who meerely does the widdow's ſweets diſguſt.
What matter then, what acres tire his moile
How farre he's carry'd through his ſhady ſoile,
What houſe or land by th' Forum he enjoy?
No bad man's happy, much leſſe the Decoy,
Th' inceſtuous, who a veyled Nun deflow'r'd,
That was alive by th' Earth to be devour'd,
But ſtil'd his flighter errour this muſt bee,
Yet hadſt thou done't, the Judge had ſentenc'd thee.

But what would prove *Titius* or *Seius* baſe,
Or any other, did *Criſpinus* graces
His perſon's fouler then his crimes, who'd have
To doe with him? he for a mullet gave
Six thouſand, the full waight in gold, 'tis ſaid
By thoſe by whom great things are greater made.
I ſhould commend him, if it were his drift
To winne th'old childleſſe man with ſuch a gift,
To write his name firſt when he ſeales his Will:
There might be further reaſon in it ſtill,
Should he thus preſent for's great friend prepare,
Borne in her cloſe and large glaſſe-window'd chaire;
But no ſuch matter, for himſelfe 'twas bought.
We ſee things done, that make *Apicius* thought
Frugall, and poore *Criſpine*, was fiſh ſo deare
When thou didſt thy owne country paper weare?
No queſtion, but he might have bought for leſſe
The fiſher, then the fiſh; one may poſſeſſe
A Lordſhip in a province at that rate,
Nay in *Apulia* a faire eſtate.
What dainties may we think the Emperour eates,
When this poore diſh ſcarce miſs'd among his meates,
Had ſo many Seſtertia given for't,
Belcht by the purple buffon of the Court,
Now Maſter of the Horſe, that cry'd of old
Stale broken ware, and fiſh of *Nilus* ſold.

Begin

Begin *Calliope*; here let's make a ſtand;
No matter for a *Madrigall*'s in hand:
Sing you *Pierian* Girles, this ſtory's true,
But 'tis enough that Girles I've ſtiled you.
When the laſt *Flavius* th'halfe-dead world diſturb'd,
When great *Rome* as his ſlave bald *Nero* curb'd,
A monſtrous *Adriaticke* Turbut lands
Where *Venus* Fane in *Greeke Ancona* ſtands;
It fill'd the whurfe and ſtuck upon the ſhore,
Like thoſe ice-bound *Maotis* covers o're,
Till ſummer force it into th'*Euxine* flow,
With long cold fatted, and with fat growne ſlow.
This Monſter, th'owner of the Boate and lines
For our *pontifex Maximus* deſignes:
For ſuch a Turbut who durſt ſell or buy,
So many inquiſitours and informers nigh?
Theſe ſea-weeds ſcattred on the ſhoare, would fall
Oth' naked Fiſher-man, nor ſtick to call
The Fiſh a very fugitive, that fled
From *Cæſar*'s Ponds where it had long beene fed,
And ought to be return'd to its old Lord;
For if *Palfurius* credit we afford
Or *Armillatus*, 'tis Impetiall food,
If it be rare and excellently good,
On whatſoever Billow it be toſt.
This therefore muſt be given, for fear't be loſt.

Now

Now ſickly Autumne froze, the Patient feat'd
A quartan, Winter foule and ſtiffe appear'd.
What he had caught would keepe, the Fiſher knew,
Yet he makes haſt as if the South wind blew.
The Lake paſt, at robb'd *Alba* he arrives,
Where ſtill poore *Veſta's* Trojan fire ſurvives.
The wondring crowde firſt ſtopt him; but when they
(Their admiration ſatisfy'd) gave way,
The preſence-hinges nimbly turne about,
The Fiſh goes in, the Senate waite without.
'Tis brought t'*Atrides*, then the *Peſan* ſayes
Vouchſafe, what is ſo great it would amaze
A private kitchin, graciouſly t'accept,
Be th s day to thy Genius ſacred kept;
With ſpeed thy ſtomack cleare of common meate,
And this untill thy time-kept-Turbut eate.
'Twould needs be caught. Could any raskall gloze
More plainly? yet his Peacocks feathers roſe,
Nothing ſo groſſe but will beliefe incline,
When that power's praiſ'd equalls the power's divine.
But there's no boyler bigge enough, his States
He therefore calls to councell, whom he hates:
While their lookes ſhow the paleneſſe of a great
Sad friendſhip; th'Uſher cryes, make haſt, he's ſet.
Firſt *Pegaſus* whipt on his purple Gowne,
Who was the Bailiffe of the amazed Towne.

What

What then were Prefects more? whereof the beſt
He was, and of our Judges th'honeſteſt;
And yet his uncorrupted Tongue was charm'd
In thoſe dire times when Juſtice was diſarm'd.
There likewiſe did old pleaſant *Criſpus* meet,
Whoſe nature, like his eloquence, was ſweet.
Could he, that rules the Earth, Seas, and People, chuſe
A friend, he might with more advantage uſe,
If when his thoughts to bloud and vengeance move
He'd ſuffer him his cruelty reprove;
And that he would his honeſt counſels heare,
But what's more violent then a Tyrant's eare?
With whom oth' windy ſpring, raine, heat, his friends
Diſcourſing, on their words their fate depends.
He therefore never ſwamme a ſtroke to breake
The Torrent, nor durſt any *Roman* ſpeake
The truth his ſoule thought, or in doing good
Imploy his time: he many winters ſtood
And ſaw his eightith Solſtice, in this ſort
At this guard lying ſafely, in that Court.
Next him as old *Acilius* doth attend
With his young ſonne, unworthy of an end
So cruell, now deſign'd him by the Prince;
But old Lords ſhow'd like Prodigyes long ſince.
So that I'd rather be, then of great birth,
The Gyant's Brother, the off-ſpring of the Earth,

Poore

Poore youth, he ſcapt not, though he naked threw
His Javelin in the *Alban* liſts, and ſhew
Numidian Boares: who that *patrician* art
Now knowes not? who admires th'old ſubtill part
That *Brutus* acted? 'twas an eaſie thing
To put a trick upon a bearded King.
Rubrius as ſadly goes, although borne baſe,
Conſcious of his no-to-be nam'd diſgrace:
Yet he our Pathicke Satyriſt out-bragg'd.
Montanus belly comes, with midriffe ſagg'd,
And then *Criſpinus* ſweating oyles oth'Eaſt,
That would have ſerv'd two funeralls at leaſt.
Then he that cuts a throat with leſſe adoe
With a ſoft whiſper, *Pompey*, *Fuſcus* too,
Whoſe bowells kept for *Scythian* vultures are,
While he in's marble Villa ſtudies warre.
With wiſe *Veiento* dire *Catullus* came,
Whom love oth' unſeene virgin did inflame,
Our times great monſter, a blind flatterer,
Whom begging did to's place at Court prefer:
Fit to runne after *Aricine* Horſes heeles,
And ſeeme to kiſſe the waggons nimble wheeles.
None more admir'd the Fiſh, much he did ſay
To's left-hand turn'd, when that on's right-hand lay.
So the *Ciliciant* fight, and blowes he prais'd,
And th'Engin that the boyes to th'canvaſſe rais'd

Veiento

Veiento came not ſhort of him, for he
Divin'd, *Bellona*, as inſpir'd by thee,
A mighty Omen, Sir, this Fiſh muſt bring
Of ſome great triumph, or ſome captive King,
Or from the Pole of's *Britiſh* Chariot
Arviragus ſhall fall, perceive you not
It is a forraigne Monſter, by the ſcales
Prickt up on's back? *Veiento* only failes
In that he is not able to preſage
The Turbut's native climate, and his age.
Shall's cut him? ſpeake: *Montanus* cryes, oh no,
'Twere a diſhonour, Sir, to uſe him ſo:
Let's have a thin-wall'd earthen veſſell made,
Wherein his whole circumference may be lay'd:
Some rare *Prometheus* would ſtraight mould the pot,
Withall ſpeed let the wheele and clay be got:
To follow's Campe from henceforth *Cæſar* may
Command the Potters. This vote wonne the day,
Worthy the man, who th'old Court-riot knew,
And *Nero*'s midnights, and a hunger new
When *Falerne* wine inflam'd the lights: in all
My time, his taſt was moſt authenticall.
If *Lucrin* rocks or *Circe*'s th'oiſters bred,
Or were they with *Richborough* water fed
He found at the firſt taſt, and by the looke
Oth' crab-fiſh told upon what ſhore 'twas tooke,

The

The Councell riſes, and the Lords receive
Commands, the roome, and *Alban* Tow'r to leave,
To which in ſuch haſt and aſtoniſhment
For them our mighty Generall had ſent,
As if he'd treat of ſomething with the ſterne
Sicambri or the *Catti* did concerne.
Or had receiv'd from th'earths farre diſtant coaſts
Diſtracted Letters brought by flying Poſts.
And would to Heav'n he had ſpent all that time
Thus innocently, when he rob'd our clime
Of many'a gallant and illuſtrious ſoule
Unpuniſht, or without the leaſt controule
But he was loſt, when once the Peaſants flood
In's danger, they reveng'd the noble blood.

The fift Satyr of JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

The Client Trebius *is reprov'd,*
Who will with no affront be mov'd
Proud Virro's *table to forbeare,*
Where he but ſeldome muſt appeare.
And then, poore Creature, onely ſees
The pretious wine, but drinks the leeſe.
At Virro's *Feaſt eates ſcraps, or ſtervet,*
Nor better, who brookes this, deſervet.

SHam'ſt not? doſt ſtill, as thy chiefe good, intend
Upon another's trencher to depend?
Canſt thou endure more baſe affronts then ere
At *Caſar's* bitter jeering table were
By humble *Galba* or *Sarmentus* borne?
I'd ſcarce beleeve't were thou a witneſſe ſworne.
I know the belly's cheaply fed, put caſe
Thou had'ſt not to fill up that empty ſpace,
Is there no hole, no bridge, no cottage-nooke?
Art thou with th'injury of a meale ſo tooke?
So hunger-gutted? thou maiſt ſhake for feare
Farre more gentilely, and gnaw dogge-cruſts there.

Ith

Ith' firſt place, thou, when bid to ſupper, haſt
The full reward of all thy ſervice paſt,
A great friend's bounty, meat; he thinks ſo, though
He bids thee ſeldome; yet he thinks it ſo.
After ſome month's neglect, if he admit
A Client, leſt there ſhould want one to ſit
On's third bed, we'll (ſayes he) together eate;
What wouldſt thou more? thy wiſhes are compleat.
Trebius oblig'd, has that for which he muſt
Break's ſleep, and run ungarter'd and untruſt,
For feare leſt his ſaluting rivalls may
Have fill'd the ring by dawning of the day,
Or at the time when the ſev'n ſtarres doe roll
Their cold and ſluggiſh waine about the pole.
But then, what kind of ſupper is't? thy cup
Is fil'd with wine, moiſt wooll would ſcarce drink up.
The gheſt's transform'd to *Cybel*'s Prieſts you ſee,
Made with fowle words their firſt encounters bee.
Anon the cups they drink in fly about,
And thou thy wound wip'ſt with a crimſon clout.
How often do the Libertines and you,
Pots of *Saguntum* furiouſly imbrew?
What th'unſhorne Conſulls ſaw his ſervant skinks,
The grape preſt in the Civill Warres he drinks,
Nor with one little taſt of it would part
To's friend, that has the trembling of the heart

From

From th' *Albane* or the *Setine* hills, next day
He ſomething drinks, whoſe age hath took away
The duſty hogſhead's date, and climate; ſuch
As *Thraſeas* and *Helvidius* would touch,
When they drank crown'd, on the nativityes
Of *Caſſius*, and both the *Bruti*ſes,
Virro's owne wine's into large amber put,
Or ſea-greene Beryll into faſcets cut.
They truſt not thee with gold, or if they do't
Sometimes, a keeper is annext unto't,
Who counts the gems, marks where thy ſharp nayle aymes;
Excuſe him, there the precious Jaſper flames.
For *Virro* to be ala mode, does thoſe
Rich ſtones from's rings into his bowles tranſpoſe
Which in his hilts the youth, preferr'd before
The jealous-ſpirited *Hiarbas*, wore.
Thou drain'ſt a fowle four-ſnouted Glaſſe, that's call'd
The *Beneventine* Cobler, old and gall'd,
And going to the Glaſſe-houſe every day
For ſcraps of brimſtone to be truckt away.
With wine or meat if thy Lord's ſtomack glow,
Boild water's brought him coold in *Scythian* ſnow;
Did I complaine none of the ſame wine came
To your ſhare, 'las your water's not the ſame.
Thy cup is fill'd by the *Getulian* boore,
Or raw-bon'd fingers of the *Blackamoore*.

Whom

Whom you'd not meet at midnight, as you ſtray
By th' monuments ith' rugged *Latin* way.
The Flow'r of *Aſia* on thy Patron waites,
Bought at a higher price then the eſtates
Of *Tullus*, warlike *Ancus*, in a word
Then all the Kings of *Rome* could ere afford.
In which reſpect, thou muſt when th'art a-drye
On thy *Getulian Ganimed* caſt thine eye.
Can he ſo many millions coſt, be page
To th'poore? high lookes become his forme, and age.
This yeoman of the mouth too, when doth he
Though call'd upon, vouchſafe to come to thee?
No, he diſdaines th'old client ſhould command
His ſervice; or ſhould ſit when he muſt ſtand. (thoſe
Each great Houſe with proud ſervans ſwarmes, how
Grumble to reach thee bread, a knife would poſe,
Hard mouldy cruſts, which doe the grinders ſpoile,
And yet are hardly enter'd with long toile?
Thy Lords loaves are of ſoft and ſnow-white flower,
Keepe in thy hand, reverence the butlers power:
Shouldſt thou be bold with it in jeaſt, a clowne
Stands o're thee that will make thee lay it downe.
Remember, ſawcy Sir, how you've beene fed,
And know the colour of your houſhold-bread.
Was't this for which I left (ſo many a time)
My wife the cold *Eſquilian* mount to clime,

When

When winter *Jove* pour'd downe his cruell raine,
And my fur'd-coate did raine it o're againe.
See how the charger bends with thy Lord's fish,
What Sparagus begarnishes the dish;
And how his tayle the table seemes to scorne,
When he's ith' hands of the tall servant borne.
Thy Crabbe, with half an egge about it shred,
Comes in a plaite, a supper for the dead.
Upon his fish *Venafrian* oyle he powres,
What smells oth' lampe dawbes thy pale colyflowres
The stuffe brought in *Micippa*'s pick'd cane
Thy sawcer fills, for which all *Rome* to raine,
The Bath perfum'd by *Bochar* to come nigh
From which, the very *Libian* serpents flye.
Thy Patron's mullet *Corfica* sends in,
Or *Tauromenian* rocks, when ours begin
To faile us, when our luxury to please,
Wee for th' shambles rob th' neighb'ring seas;
And will not let the *Tyrrhen* fish s breed,
The Provinces must then our kitchins feed.
Thence comes what *Lenas* buyes up and presents,
Aurelia againe ith' market vents.
Viro's great Conger's brought him from the Straits
Of *Sicily*, for when the south-wind waites
A prisoner, and his dewy feathers dryes,
Charibdis out bold fisher-men despise.

Thy Eele is cozen to the ſlender Snake,
Which th'ice of Tiber did ſo ſpotted make,
That bred ith'mud, and by the kennell kept
Oft ith'*Suburra*'s common ſhore had crept.
I'd ſpeake a word in *Virro*'s eare: none crave
What *Seneca*, brave *Piſo*, *Cotta* gave
To their poore friends, (for great as Faſces then
Or Titles bounty ſhin'd in noble men.)
Onely a civill uſage we intreat,
Let's eate at the ſame table the ſame meat,
Doe this and be, what moſt to be contend,
Rich to thy ſelfe, poore onely to thy friend.
To *Virro* a great Gooſe's liver's ſet
Girt with cramm'd Fowle, or rarities as great:
A wild Boare foaming lyes upon his board,
Worthy the faire-hair'd *Meleager*'s ſword.
Then if't be Spring-time, the par'd Muſhrom's dreſt,
If wiſht-for thunder make a greater feaſt.
Alledius cryes your Corne you *Lybians* ſpend,
Unyoake your Oxen, ſo your Muſhroms ſend.
In the meane time leaſt any thing ſhould be
Left out to vexe thy patience, thou ſhalt ſee
The Carver flouriſhing his knife, advance
As if he were beginning a dance;
Nor ends till all his Maſters tricks are done,
Till over all the diſhes he has runne,

And

And shew'd you what the diff'rent postures are
Of cutting up a Pullet and a Hare.
as *Hercules* dragg'd *Cacus*, must
e heeles out of the doore be thrust;
s if thou hadst three names, repine,
s *Virro* his owne wine
reggs? which of you are
to your Monarch dare
ny words may not be spoke
n a tatter'd cloake.
e God, or God-like man, then fate
ve thee a Gentleman's estate;
e! how high from nothing wouldst thou rise?
gracious wouldst thou be in *Virro*'s eyes?
Give *Trebius* this, set *Trebius* that meate,
Will't please you (Brother) of these entrailes eate?
Oh Money! he this honour doth to thee,
'Tis *Trebius* and thy selfe that brothers bee.
But if thou wouldst be one o'th'better sort,
A Lord, and thy Lord's Prince; about thy Court.
There must no young *Æneas* playing runne,
Nor daughter more a darling then a sonne.
A barren wife makes a friend sweet and deare,
Yet if thy *Mygale* should children beare,
Now thou art rich, set on thy knee three boyes,
I'th'pretty parrat Babes he likewise joyes.

Thy Eele is cozen to the ſlender Snake,
Which th'ice of Tiber did ſo ſpotted make,
That bred ith'mud, and by the kennell kept
Oft ith'*Suburra*'s common ſhore had crept.
I'd ſpeake a word in *Virro*'s eare: none crave
What *Seneca*, brave *Piſo*, *Cotta* gave
To their poore friends, (for great as Faſces then
Or Titles bounty ſhin'd in noble men.)
Onely a civill uſage we intreat,
Let's eate at the ſame table the ſame meat,
Doe this and be, what moſt to be contend,
Rich to thy ſelfe, poore onely to thy friend.
To *Virro* a great Gooſe's liver's ſet
Girt with cramm'd Fowle, or rarities as great:
A wild Boare foaming lyes upon his board,
Worthy the faire-hair'd *Meleager*'s ſword.
Then if't be Spring-time, the par'd Muſhrom's dreſt,
If wiſht-for thunder make a greater feaſt.
Alledius cryes your Corne you *Lybians* ſpend,
Unyoake your Oxen, ſo your Muſhroms ſend.
In the meane time leaſt any thing ſhould be
Left out to vexe thy patience, thou ſhalt ſee
The Carver flouriſhing his knife, advance
As if he were beginning of a dance;
Nor ends till all his Maſters tricks are done,
Till over all the diſhes he has runne,

And

And ſhew'd you what the diff'rent poſtures are
Of cutting up a Pullet and a Hare.
But thou, as *Hercules* dragg'd *Cacus*, muſt
Drawne by the heeles out of the doore be thruſt;
Shouldſt thou, as if thou hadſt three names, repine,
To thee when offers *Virro* his owne wine
Or pledges in thy dreggs? which of you are
So raſh, ſo loſt, that to your Monarch dare
Say, drinke Sir; many words may not be ſpoke
By a poore fellow in a tatter'd cloake.
But ſhould ſome God, or God-like man, then fate
More kinde, give thee a Gentleman's eſtate;
Poore Rogue! how high from nothing wouldſt thou riſe?
How gracious wouldſt thou be in *Virro*'s eyes?
Give *Trebius* this, ſet *Trebius* that meate,
Wil't pleaſe you (Brother) of theſe entrailes eate?
Oh Money! he this honour doth to thee,
'Tis *Trebius* and thy ſelfe that brothers bee.
But if thou wouldſt be one o'th'better ſort,
A Lord, and thy Lord's Prince; about thy Court.
There muſt no young *Æneas* playing runne,
Nor daughter more a darling then a ſonne.
A barren wife makes a friend ſweet and deare,
Yet if thy *Mygale* ſhould children beare,
Now thou art rich, ſet on thy knee three boyes,
I'th'pretty parrat Babes he likewiſe joyes.

For the greene ſtomacher his ſervant goes,
The ſmall nuts, and the peny he beſtowes
That's askt him, when this begger of ſmall ſummes
This little Paraſite to his table comes.
To poore friends dangerous toad-ſtooles they afford,
The Muſhromes are ſerv'd only to the Lord.
Pure Fungo's, ſuch as *Claudius* eate, before
His wifes came, after which he ne're eate more.
Virro and th'other *Virrons* apples taſt,
Whoſe ſmell alone to feed upon thou haſt.
You'd think perpetuall Autumne yeilded theſe
From the robb'd orchard of th'*Heſperides*,
Thou eat'ſt crabs, ſuch as he gnawes in the workes
That under's ſhield, and in his helmet lurkes,
And feares the whip, when as he learnes the art
From the rough hairy goat to caſt the dart.
That *Virro* ſpares his purſe thou mayſt believe,
But he does this only to make thee grieve,
What comedy, what Mimicke can excite
More laughter, then the coz'ned appetite?
Know 'tis his aime in teares to ſee thee waſht
Thy rage, to heare thy longing grinders gnaſh,
Your Lord's gueſts, freemen you your ſelves doe think,
He thinks you ſlaves took with his kitchins ſtink,
And he thinks right; for what poore man that had
Hetrurian bubles when he was a lad,

Or

Or wore a knot, with that ſo poore deviſe
Of leathern thongs, that can indure it twice.
Oh, but a hopefull ſupper fayles us now,
You'll ſee another time he will allow
Some part of the reverſions of a Hare,
Wee ſhall a Chick or the Boare's haunches ſhare.
This makes you lye perdue with untoucht bread:
He's wiſe that lets you be no better fed;
For if thou canſt with all theſe ſcornes ſit downe,
In time thou'lt let him ſhave and crack thy crowne,
And take a good ſound whipping in th'end,
Worthy of ſuch a feaſt, and ſuch a friend.

The ſixth Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

The Roman women full of Taints
And Blemiſhes, the Poet paints,
And ſends them repreſented thus,
To old Ureſidius Poſthumus:
Of whom he does compaſſion take,
And councels him his choyce to make
Of any Death, ere ſuch a Life
As he muſt looke for with a Wife.

I Grant that chaſtity when *Saturne* raign'd,
Was ſeen on earth, when a cold Cave contain'd
A little houſhold, Fire, and *Lar*, and made
For Shepherds and their Flocks one common ſhade.
When firſt the Mountaine wife, leaſes, ſedges, ſpread
And skins of neighb'ring beaſts to make her bed.
Not like thee, *Cynthia*, nor her that cry'd
And ſwell'd her faire eyes when her Sparrow dy'd.
But whilſt man acornes betcht, his wife (more wild)
Had her full breaſts drunke up by her great child.
For in th'earth's non-age, under heaven's new frame,
They ſtricter liv'd, who from th'Oake's rupture came,

And clay-borne, had no Parents: Haply though,
Much of that old chast seed, or some did grow
Ev'n under *Jove*, but e're *Jove* had a beard;
E're *Greeks* to sweare by others heads were heard,
When none feat'd thieves to rob their herbes, or trees,
But liv'd without inclosures. By degrees
To Heav'n, then, Chastity *Astræa* led,
And so, together the two Sisters fled.
Posthume; 'tis old to steale another's sweets,
To slight the Genius of the sacred sheets;
The Yron-age brought forth all other crimes,
The first Adult'rers were th' Silver times.
Yet meetings, contracts, joyntures, motion'st thou
In our Age. Nay, the master-barber now
Trimms thee, perhaps by Pledge her finger fits.
Wilt thou wive *Posthume*? sure thou hadst thy wits?
What snake-hyr'd fury hunts thee? canst obey
A wife? so many halters i'thy way?
So many windowes open, hose so high?
The courteous *Æmilian* bridge so nigh?
If in this choice of deaths none pleasing be,
Thinke, is't not better thy Boy sleep with thee?
Thy Boy that scolds not i'the night, nor faines
A coynesse, till presented: nor complaines
Because thou spar'st thy back, or that, so oft
As he commands, thou dost not come aloft.

But

Oh, but *Vrſidius* now likes the care
O'th *Julian* law. He meanes to get an Heyre,
And looſe thoſe gifts the ſhambles ſends him in,
The greater Turtle and the Mullets finne,
What is not poſſible, if *Vrſid* wed,
If this old ſtallion thruſt his fooliſh head
Into the martiage-halter, that lay preſt
So oft, halfe ſmother'd, in *Latinus* cheſt?
Beſides his Wife muſt be oth' old chaſt ſtraine:
He's mad, good Surgeon, cut his middle-veine.
Nice man! proſtrate adore *Tarpeian Jove*,
And a gilt Heifer kill to his firſt Love,
If thou on a chaſt Matron light'ſt. Few ſuch
Live now, as merit *Ceres* Veyle to touch,
Whoſe lipps their Fathers feare not. Crowne thy doores,
With Ivy quite thy threſholds, ſtrow thy floores.
One man thy *Iberina* ſatisfie?
She'll ſooner be contented with one eye.
But She's much fam'd lives at her Father's Farme.
Let her live ſo ith' Village, no more harme
Thinke in great Townes, the tale oth' Farme may paſſe.
But who'll ſweare, nothing done ith' mountaines was?
Not caves? are *Jove* and *Mars* ſo aged growne?
Is there a beauty in our gardens ſhowne
Worthy thy choice? our play-houſe boxes prove,
Can'ſt pick out one, thou mayſt ſecurely love?

Bathillus acting *Leda*, *Thuscia* leakes
At's gambolls; *Appula*, as tickled, squeakes.
Thymele the long-thing before discernes,
And then, the Towne-garbe Country-*Thymele* learnes.
The rest grow sad, when th'arras is tooke downe,
And Noise, the Stage left, does the *Forum* drowne:
And when, in *Cybel*'s Feasts, w'have no Playes, they
Attis with's Vizzard, Thyrse, and Codpiece, play.
Autonoe's mad Jigge, that laughter moves,
Sings *Urbicus*, him the poore *Ælia* loves.
These spoile the singing boy; at high rates those
Do buy th'unbutt'ning the Comedian's hose.
Hispulla the Tragedian doth affect,
That these should love *Quintilian*, can y expect?
The Fidler *Glaphyrus*, the wife thou dost take,
Or *Ambrose* Piper, with a Father make.
To straiten the high street long scaffolds raise,
Adorne thy Gates and Posts with solemne bayes,
That, *Lentulus*, thy canopy'd noble heire
May looke like rogue-*Euryalus* the sword-player.
The wife to'a Lord oth Senate, *Hippia*,
With *Sergius* the Fencer ranne away,
And follow'd him devoutly to the Isle
Of *Pharos*, *Lagus* his lewde Towne, and *Nile*,
Lascivious *Canopus* crying downe
The impudence of this prodigious Towne!

No

No care of her houſe, of her ſiſter, tooke,
Her Lord's or Country's honour; ſhe forſooke,
Baſe ſoule, her crying Babes, what may amaze
You yet more, ſhe left *Paris* and the Playes.
And though ſhe, richly by her Father kept,
Had in his Downe and deepe-fring'd Cradles ſlept,
She ſcorn'd the Sea; Fame ſhe long-ſince did ſcorne,
Whoſe loſſe on a ſoft Couch is eaſ'ly borne.
She, therefore, *Tyrrhene* waves, th'*Ionian* Roare,
And oft-chang'd Seas with conſtant ſpirits bore.
If ſome juſt cauſe of danger ſhall appeare,
Their frozen hearts honeſt actions feare,
Their trembling feet too weake to beare them are,
They bring ſtrong ſoules to things they fouly dare.
If husbands bid them goe aboard, they ſwound;
Then the Pumpe's noyſome, then the aire turnes round;
She with her Paramour's ne're ſicke. That beſpues
Her husband; t'eate with Saylors this doth uſe,
Walkes on the Decks, to pull hard Cables loves,
But *Hippia*, what youth, what beauty moves?
What did ſhe ſee made her oth' Title doat
Of a ſtie-Fencer? for to ſhave his throat
Her Favourite began, his ſcarres crav'd eaſe,
His face had many ſtrange deformities;
Worne bald with's helmit, midſt of's noſe a Wen,
His eye's ſharpe, rheume ſtill drops. But he was then

A Sword-man; this makes *Hyacinthe*. This to her
Lord, Sister, Country, Babes, she did prefer;
'Tis steele thy love. Had *Sergius* had to do
With the weake Wand, sh'had made him Cuckold too.
Why do I one so meane as *Hippia* name?
View the Gods Rivalls. List to *Claudius* shame;
When his Wife found him sleep, she durst refuse
His royall bed, and a base mattresse chuse.
Th'Imperiall Strumpet with one maid stole out
In her night-hoods, and having cast about
Her black haire, a red perriwigge; she got
Into the stewes, where th'old rugge still was hot;
Had a spare roome kept for her. There, gold-chain'd
Bare-breasted stood, her name *Lycisca* fain'd;
High-borne *Britanicus*, thy womb display'd;
Smil'd upon all that came, her bargaine made.
And when the Wenches were dismiss'd, she last,
('Twas all she could) sadly the doore made fast,
And many thirsted-for encounters try'd,
Departed tir'd with men, not satisfy'd.
And foul'd with candle-smoake, her cheeks smear'd o're,
The Brothell-steame she to her Pillow bore.
Their love-draughts, charmes, and druggs I could relate,
Brew'd for the Sonne-in-law that drinks his fate.
Their Sex'es Empire swells their vices so,
That lust appeares a *Peccadillio*.

But

But why's *Ceſennia* by her husband grac'd?
She brought ten thouſand, at that rate ſhe's chaſt.
Loves bow or torch, nor wounds nor burnes his heart;
Hence comes the flame, the portion caſts the dart.
Her freedome's bought; be by, ſh'll write, or kiſſe,
A covetous man's rich Wife a Widow is.
How is't *Sertorius Bibula* approves?
The truth diſcuſs'd, the face not Wife he loves.
Let but three wrinkles grow, her dry skinne ſh inke,
Her teeth looke ruſty, her eyes deeper ſinke,
Pack up, his freed-man bids her, and be gone;
Th'art now a burden, thy noſe drops, jogge on;
Quik; let another, that's dry nos'd, ſucceed.
Whilſt fayre ſhe raignes, her Lord's *Canuſian* breed
Of ſh eep and ſh epherds, *Falerne* vine-yards craves.
That's nothing. All fine boyes, all Gaoles for ſl aves;
What neighbours have, ſh e wants, his purſe muſt buy.
In Winter, when a ſh ure the Merchants lye;
When th'ey tow'r the Pilot's art controlls,
Great Cryſtalls are fetcht home; huge Myrrhine bowles:
And the fam'd diamond, that richer ſhow'd
On *Berenice*'s finger, this beſtow'd
The barbarous *Agrippa*, he to his
Inceſtuous Siſter once preſented this
Where bare-foot Kings the Sabbath feaſts do hold,
And ancient pity lets the Swine grow old,

Is one of all these worthy thy imbrace?
Be she faire, neat, rich, fruitfull; though she place
The statues of her Ancestours to guard
Her Walke's, and be her selfe then those loose-hair'd
Peace-making *Sabines*, more unknowne to Man:
A Bird as rare on earth as a blacke Swanne.
Who'll brooke her if she be all this? Give me
A *Venusine* maide, *Cornelia* before thee
Mother oth' *Gracchi*: if as Proud as Great,
Thou as thy dowre thy Triumphs dost repeat;
Thy *Hannibal*, thy conquer'd *Syphax*, 'py'thee
Take and be gone, and take all *Carthage* with thee:
Hold *Phœbus*, *Phœbe* hold. No fault there lyes
Ith' babes, their mother kill, *Amphion* cryes.
But *Phœbus* shoots. Thus *Niobe*, whilst her place
She boasts to be above *Latona*'s race,
And fruitfuller then the white sow, her wombe
Doth all her Children and her Lord intombe.
What's Modesty? what's Beauty? that the shu'd
Upbraid thee with them? there's in this rare good
No pleasure, when, corrupted by proud hearts,
More Aloës then Honey it imparts.
Yet who so amorous but his Love he may
Abhorre, and justly too, seav'n houres a day?
Some triviall things, no husband's patience brooks,
For what's more base? none thinks she handsome looks,

Till

Till ſhe her *Tuſcan* can in *Greeke* expreſſe,
And turnes pure *Attick* from a *Sulmoneſe*.
When they want native *Latine*, (more their ſhame)
They ſpeake all *Greeke*: vexe, tremble, laugh, proclaime
Their ſoule's deepe ſecrets. What more? To't they go
In Greeke. Old-woman, let young girles doe ſo;
Wilt thou, fourſcore and ſix, be Greekiſh now?
That Language is not chaſt, when in it thou
Doſt cry, my life, my ſoule, and uſe ith' crowd
Thoſe words, the bed-cloths but ev'n now did ſhrowd.
What will not this Provocative command?
There's in a ſmooth and petulant tongue a hand.
Speake *thou* more ſoft then *Hamus*, charme our eares
Carpoph'rus-like; Thy face ſummes up thy yeares.
If thou'lt not love thy wife, 'tis to no end
For thee to marry, and in vaine to ſpend
A ſupper; and thoſe Jellyes made to give
High ſpirits, nor that firſt-night's Donative,
When, ſhining in rich Plate, ſhe muſt behold
Dacian and *German Caſar* cut in gold.
If thou'lt uxoriouſly to one adhere,
Submit thy willing necke the yoke to beare.
There's none will ſpare her Lover. Though ſhe burne,
His ſpoyles and torments to her ſport ſhe'll turne.
To marry therefore him 'twill leſſe behove,
Who would a kind and noble husband prove.

Againſt

Against her will thou shalt give nothing; nought,
But what she pleases, shall be sold or bought.
She'll rule thy soule, that friend must be expell'd
Now old, whose growing beard thy gates beheld.
The priviledge of law when Fencers take,
And Bawdes are free their testaments to make,
Thou must to Rivalls thy estate bequeath.
Hang up thy slave. How merits my slave death?
Who's witnesse? who informes? heare what he'll say.
Upon man's life ne're was too long delay.
Foole, is a Slave a Man? he's cleere, be't so.
We will, and our will shall for reason go,
Thus she her Husband awes. Straight, quits this sway,
Shifts houses, teares her red veyle, flyes away.
Treads th'old path to some scorn'd bed. Leaves the doore
New trimm'd, the rooms fresh hang'd, green boughs o'th' floore.
Thus numbers sh' eight Husbands in five-yeare.
A fit Inscription for her Tombe to beare.

Despaire of peace, whilst thy Wifes mother lives.
She, how to rob a Husband, Precepts gives.
She to a servant no rude lines rescribes,
No simple stuffe. The guard she cheates or bribes.
Then her child well, for the Phisitian sends,
Casts off the Rugge. Whilst the hid Knave attends,
And mastuprates, mad to be so delay'd.
Why, thinke you, can a Mother of the Trade

Chast

Chaſt thoughts, or other then her owne, imprint?
Beſides, a bawde's looſe daughter is her mint.
Moſt law-ſuits Women cauſe. *Manilia* will,
If not defendant, be the plaintif ſtill.
Themſelves draw bills, they doe *Exceptions* frame,
Give notes, teach learned *Celſus* to declaime.
Their *Tyrian* caſſocks, nointings for the field,
Who knows not, ſees not, how with ſpeare and ſhield
The wounded poſt is charg'd by maydes at armes,
And rarely well-train'd matrons, whoſe alarmes
May *Florall* trumpets claime. Unleſſe, ſome prize
They'll play oth' ſtage, and therefore exerciſe.
Where's her chaſt bluſh, that puts her helmit on,
And her ſexe off? that, though ſhe doate upon
Man's ſtrength, would not be man, for but compare
Our pleaſures, 'las how little is our ſhare?
'Twere fine, if one ſhould thy wife's wardrobe crie.
Her gauntlets, bek, plume, taſes her left thigh
Halfe-covering. Or if for all fights ſhe be,
Thou, bleſt, may'ſt ſell her armour cap à pe.
Theſe are the dames that in thin holland ſweate,
Whoſe ſilks too much their tender bodies heate.
Behold, how fiercely the raught thruſts ſhe takes.
See, what a blow her helmit bowes, and makes
Her hipps ſpread, and thick folds in her ſhort gowne.
But ſmile, when ſhe diſarm'd, to th'pot ſquats downe.

Tell me, you Nieces to great *Lepidus*,
To blind *Metellus*, spend-thrift *Fabius*,
What Fencers Trull thus arm'd was ever knowne?
When did *Asylus* Wife thus fighting groane?
Debates, alternate brawlings, ever were
Ith'marriage-bed; there is no sleeping there
Fierce as a Tigresse robb'd, she then begins
To chide, or sigh, when guilty of close sins.
Or her owne children hates; or sweares he keepes
A wench, and as she did believe it, weepes.
Her teares in troopes still ambush, waite to know
What's her designe, how she'll command them flow.
That 'tis pure love, thou pleas'd hedge-sparrow think'st,
And from her lipps the briny moisture drink'st.
What letters mightst thou read, if thou couldst get
Into the jealous Strumpet's cabinet?
But she's caught, with this slave, that gallant. Come,
Plead her excuse *Quintilian*. We are dumbe.
Speake woman. 'Twas agreed, she doth replie,
Thou should'st doe what thou list, and so should I.
Out-storme a tempest, th'ayre with clamour fill,
A woman will be found-a woman still.
If once surpriz'd, th'earth has not bolder things,
Ev'n from their crimes their spleene and courage springs.
But from what *Lerna* have these monsters crept?
Their once-low fortunes chast the *Latines* kept.

And

And vice out of poore houſes, labour barr'd,
Short ſleep, and hands with *Thuſcan* wooll made hard,
Hannibal at our gates with all his powers.
Their husbands ſtanding on the *Colline* towers.
Long peace undoes us. Luſt, then warre more fierce,
Revenges now the conquer'd univerſe.
When poverty left *Rome*, no horrid ſin
But enter'd, then, to our ſev'n hills flow'd in
Rhodes, *Malta*, *Sibaris*, *Tarentum* crown'd
With flow'rs, and ſtill in wine and women drown'd.
That bawde *Coine* firſt ſtrange faſhions hither brought.
Soft wealth the weaken'd world foule riot taught.
For what cares *Venus* drunke? ſhe does not know
Her upper Region from her coaſt below.
She now at midnight her great oiſters eates,
When *Falerne* wine with foamy unguents ſweates.
When off the flaggons, round the chamber goes,
The table riſes, each light double ſhowes.
Go now, why *Tullia* ſnorts a doubt propoſe,
When ſhe ſo ſnuffs the ayre up with her noſe,
Or what *Collatia* to her *Maura* talkes,
When ſhe by chaſtity's old altar walkes.
There their Sedans waite. They do there diſtill,
And the carv'd Goddeſſe with long ſpoutings fill.
They mount by courſes in the Moone's chaſt ſight.
And ſo, go home. The morning ſcarcely bright,

Thou ſpatterſt thy wife's water, as thou go'ſt
To bid thoſe friends, good day, thou honour'ſt moſt.
The Goddeſſe *Bona*'s ſecrets are now blaz'd,
When to the Pipe they friske, and running maz'd
With wine and cornets, their haire wildly rowle,
And as *Priapus Bacchides*, they howle.
Then how they long for't! when it comes, what cries!
What torrents of old wine flow downe their thighs!
Laufella wenches at the nimble heave
Dares challenge, and the garland does receive.
Then ſhe whil'ſt *Medullina* lifts, kneeles downe.
And they call her their queene that gets this crowne.
No girles-play here. All's done to th'life that may
Cold *Priam* fire, or *Neſtor*'s *Herma*.
Then luſt growes furious, ſhe's pure woman then,
And the whole vault cries, now let in the men.
Sleeps th'old adult'rer? bid the younger blood
Run nimbly hither, deſt up in my hood.
Comes none? ſhe'll meet her ſlaves, thoſe out oth'way,
The tankard-bearer for his paines ſhe'll pay;
He abſent, no man found, e're ſhe'll abide
Delay, ſhe'll let an aſſe get up and ride.
Would publicke rites might this abuſe eſchew!
But *Moores* and *Indians* a ſhe-ſinger knew.
That could a more ſufficient roll have ſhowne
Then *Caſar*'s *Anti-Cato*'s both in one.

And brought it in, whence not a mouſe, that feares
His ſtones, but flies, where veyles man's picture weares
What ſawcy Atheiſt, durſt of old deſpiſe
Numa's black bowle, the urne for ſacrifice,
Or pot oth' *Vatican* that earthen was?
Now, where's an altar but a *Clodius* has?
Hang on a locke, I heare old friends adviſe.
Appoint a guard. But who ſhall watch the ſpyes!
Her art firſt drawes them in. To one degree
Of luſt all nowy are come; no chaſter ſhe
By whoſe rough hob-nayles the black flints are worne,
Then ſhe that's on tall *Syrians* ſhoulders borne.
To ſee a prize *Ogulnia* hires a man,
Gowne, clients, nurſe, a cuſhion, a ſedan,
A red hair'd maide, that her commands muſt waite.
And all her father's goods, with her laſt plaite
To active weſtlers prodigally gives.
At home, in great ſtraites many, but none lives
Ith' moderation that befits the poore.
Yet man ſometimes weighs profit, looks before,
Provides for cold and hunger, feares to want,
Taught by th'example of the frugall Ant.
Vaine woman feeles not how the ſtock conſumes,
That gold will grow in empty baggs preſumes
And ſtill to take of full heapes: never meaſures
At what exceſſive rates ſhe buyes her pleaſures.

Some the ſoft Eunuch's ſtill-ſmooth kiſſes love,
And meere deſpaire of beard; no feare to prove,
And need abortion. Yet the pleaſure's great.
Becauſe the Surgeon in ripe youth and heat
Their dowcets cut, the black downe newly growne,
Theſe, when they come to weigh a pound a ſtone,
He takes off, leaves the reſt at its full ſize,
And only the poore Barber damnifies.
Into the Bath this goodly Eunuch goes,
And there, no doubt, ſo huge a bawble ſhowes,
As may with *Bacchus*, or *Priapus*, vie.
His Lady's Eunuch. With her let him lie.
But, *Poſthumus*, I would not wiſh you truſt
Your favourite *Bromius* to this Eunuch's luſt.
If ſhe love muſicke, let no voice, that's ſold
To th'Prætors, hope to make his button hold.
Her hands are ſtill oth'Organs. Her Lute ſtuck
With gemms, the ſtrings w.h a rich quill are ſtruck.
The young *Hedymile*'s Lute takes her, this
She huggs and gives the lov'd wood many'a kiſſe.
One of the *Lamian* houſe and that great name,
With cakes and wine to *Veſta* and *Janus* came,
To know if *Pollio* ſhould with his Lyre
An oaken wreath oth'*Capitol* acquire.
Should her Lord ſicken, what could ſhe do more?
Or had the Doctours her young ſonne giv'n o're?

She

She ſtood at th'Altar, as the manner is,
And ſpoke the prompted words of ſacrifice,
Nor for a Fidler ſhun'd her face to veyle.
And when the Lambe was open'd, ſhe turn'd pale.
Thou old God, father *Janus*, does heav'n heare
Theſe prayers? I ſee y'have little buſineſſe there!
She muſt for buskins, ſhe for ſocks procure
Thy aide. Th'*Aruſpex* will grow crooked ſure.
But lether ſing, e're jaunt about t'invite
The Wits, and parley, in her husbands ſight,
With men of Buffe and Feather, face to beard,
And naked-breaſted. This is ſhe has heard
All newes, knowes what's in *Thrace* and *Scythia* done;
The ſecret oth' ſtep-mother and the ſonne.
Can tell, who loves, what wencher was beguil'd,
And who 'twas, got the Dowager with child,
What day oth' moneth. Knowes, ev'ry Lady's phraſe
She ſpotts in, and how many ſeverall wayes.
She firſt the comet ſaw, th'*Armenian* ſtate
And *Parthian* threatning. At the city-gate
She way-layes fame. *Nephates*, ſhe gives out,
Hath drown'd the men and countrys round about,
That th'earth ſhakes, cities nod. In all our ſtreets
She prattles this, to every one ſhe meets.
Yet this is but a baſer vice out-ſtript,
Poore neighbours muſt intreat they may be whipt,

For if a barking dogge disturbe her sleep,
She calls out to the varlets she doth keep,
Take your battoons along, without demur,
Braine the dogg's master first, and then the cur.
She frowning, goes into her bath by Night.
Pots, panns, the campe's remov'd by candle-light.
She loves to sweat in crowdes, till each arme falls
Tir'd with the waight of her two leaden balls.
And then, the knave that noints her has the trick
To make his Ladyes thigh aloft, Cry cluck.
Meane time her clients sterv'd and hungry, droope.
At length she comes, red-cheeke, and longs to swoope
A rundlet off, lay'd at her feet, and pour'd
From a full ewre: when 'tother pint devour'd
To force an appetite, she in her way
To supper, does oth' ground her stomacke lay.
The marble-floore swift rivers interline,
Or the broad bason smells of *Falerne* wine.
Like a long snake into a wine-fat cast,
She sucks it in, and spues it out as fast.
A sight, that makes her husband's stomack rise,
Who, to avoide the object, shuts his eyes.
She's worse, that *Virgil* at her boord commends,
And *Dido*'s killing-of her selfe defends.
And then, compares the Poëts, *Virgil* layes
In one scale, in the other *Homer* waighes.

Grammarians,

Grammarians, *Rhetoricians*, the whole crowd
She drownes, lawyer, nor cryer ſpeakes ſo lowde,
Nor other woman. Words burſt from her tongue,
You'd ſweare ſo many bells and baſons runge.
Let none their trumpets, or braſſe kettles grieve,
She can, alone, the labouring moone relieve.
Her wiſdome th'end to honeſt acts ſets downe.
If ſh'ill ſhow learned, let her girt her gowne
Above her knee, to God *Silvanus*, ſly
A hogge, and for her bath a farding pay.
Let not thy wife to ſpeake high things affect,
Nor nimbly the ſhort *Enthymem* project.
Nor know all hiſtoryes, ſhe may have got
A little, ſo ſhe underſtand it not.
I hate her that *Palamon*'s art revives,
That to diſcourſe by rule and method ſtrives.
That will a kind of Antiquary be,
Repeats you verſes are unknowne to me.
Her friend's falſe Grammar chides, men ſcarce regard,
Pray let her husband's ſolœciſme be ſpar'd.
A woman thinks all's lawfull, when ſhe weares
Thoſe mighty peare-pearles that weigh downe her eares,
And th'Emerauld-neck lace; nothing makes man's life
Unhappyer, then a fortune with a wife.
Boil'd flowre like mortar's in her wrinkles laid,
Or that Pomatum which *Poppæa* made.

Her

Her poore foole's lipps ſhe bird-limes, but comes in
To her adult'rer with a cleane-waſh'd skin.
When goes ſhe neat at home? ſhe meets her friend
In all perfumes the meager *Indians* ſend.
At laſt ſh'is ſeene undawb'd, then firſt ſhe's knowne
And nurſt with aſſes milke, whoſe breed's her owne
And ſtill took with her, leaſt ſhe be ſent forth
An exile, like *Poppæa*, to the North.
But what's thus poultic'd, and thus plaiſter'd o're,
Is it a face? or may't be call'd a ſore?

'Tis worth your knowledge, what they do by Day.
If in the night husband turn'd away,
Her chiefe mayde's dead, her dreſſer ready ſtript,
Too late comes her chayre-bearer, and is whipt
Becauſe another fell a ſleep: His head
Breaks her tough cane: Him rods, him cords dye red.
There are that pay the Beadles by the yeare.
She beates, by th'by paints, does her goſips heare,
Or her faire gold-embroyder'd garment viewes,
Beats on, and does the day's accounts peruſe;
Which took, and beating till the beadles groane.
Be gone, ſhe thunders in a horrid tone.
She rules and governs in no milder ſort,
Then if her houſe were a *Sicilian* Court.
For if ſome neater dreſſe ſhe meditates,
Or haſts to the religious Bawde that waites

In *Isis* fane, or some ith'walks expect,
Poore *Psecas* still-bare-breasted, naked-neckt,
Her haire torne, combes her Lady's. Why's this lock
So high? straight, her bulls-pisle gives a knock.
What hath your woman done deserves these blowes?
Is't her fault, Madam, you dislike your nose?
Another, oth'left-hand, unties the strings,
Opens her haire, and curles it into rings;
The Matron of the wheele in councell sits,
Whose needle now, her Lady manumits.
She gives her vote ith' first place, as most sage,
Then her inferiours in art and age.
As if that fame and life were both at stake,
So great's the care they of their beauty take.
Her haire she doth in that rare method tie,
And builds her head so many storyes high,
You see *Andromache* before, behind
Sh.'s lesse, you there another woman find.
'Tis so. For you by her short wast may see
A virgin Pigmy needs must taller be;
If her Chiopines her Ladiship should misse,
She sure must stand a tip toe for a kisse.
Meane time, she to her husband's profit gives
Just no regard, but as his neighbour lives,
In this more neere, that she his friends does hate
And servants, and consumes his faire estate.

Behold

Behold, *Bellona's*, *Cybel's* Priests, the tall
Grave halte-man, (with no obscene part at all,
A fifth shall long-since cut off that) comes in,
A *Phrygian* mitre ty'd beneath his chin.
Plebeian bells, that hoarce quire shall'd, his mouth
Sounds loud, beware September and the South,
Unlesse she purge her with a hundred eggs,
With these her *Feculamors* old gowns he beggs,
Which cloths must all great sudden crosses beare
And be an expiation for that yeare.
She wades, in winter, through the broken ice,
And bathes in *Tiber* every morning thrice,
In that fierce streame her timerous head she steeps,
O're *Tarquin's* fields then, nak'd and trembling creeps
On bloudy knees. If't be white *Jo's* will,
T'*Egypt* she'll pilgrimage, at *Meroe* fill
Warme drops to sprinkle *Isis* temple, neere
Th'old Sheep-coat built, the Goddesse she dare sweare
Speakes to her. See the spirit of a Saint,
Whom with their minds by night the Gods acquaint.
This then's her darling priest, that's follow'd by
The linnin-cloath'd ball'd crew, that houle and cry
After his God *Anubis*, whom he jeeres.
He prayes for her, that not the sport forbeares
On solemne dayes, great punishment remaines
Due to the wife that her cleane smock prophanes,

The

The ſilver ſnake to move it's head appeares,
Wonne with his ſtudy'd murmurs and his teares
The ſin to pardon. A great gooſe, no doubt,
Or a thin wafer bribes *Oſyris* to't.
He gone. Her hay and baſquet left, with feare
The poore ſhe-Jew beggs in my Lady's eare.
This grove's high-prieſteſſe, heavn's true meſſenger,
Hieruſalem's old lawes expounds to her
Who fills her hand, but thinly, yet 'twill hire
Your Jew to ſell what bables you deſire.
A childleſſe rich mans legacy, a young love,
Are found th' lights of a warme trembling dove,
Theſe *Commagenian* Sooth ſay'rs look into
A chicken's breaſt, the ſame th'*Armenians* do,
They view the entrailes of a dogge, and teach
Sometimes a child's, they do it and then peach.
But the *Chaldaan*'s more believ'd, the things
Th'Aſtrologer ſpeakes flow from *Jove*'s ſecret ſprings,
Since *Delphian* Oracles no more exiſt;
And man hath loſt the Future in a miſt.
But th'oftneſt-exile's chiefe, whoſe ſcheme foretold
Otho's great Rivall's death, for love and gold.
His art finds faith, that hath had both hands chain'd,
And in the campe a priſ'ner long remain'd.
No Math'matician a rare man is thought,
But that's condemn'd and unto ruine brought.

That

That ſcarce got to the *Cyclad*'s to be ſent,
And not to be in cloſe *Seriphus* pent.
Theſe ſhe conſules, when the ſlow jaundice will
Diſpatch her mother; but thy *Tanaquil*
Askes if thou ſhalt not die before her mother?
And when her ſiſter? and her father's brother?
And if her ſervant ſhall her ſelfe out-live?
For can the Gods a greater bleſſing give?
Yet knowes not ſhe what *Saturne*'s frownes portend,
Nor in what aſpect *Venus* ſmiles befriend,
Nor is ſo much an Artiſt as to ſpy
When 'tis a lucky, when a diſmall day.
But ſhun her, in whoſe hands thou ſeeſt ſo ſoil'd
An *Ephemerides* as if 'twere oil'd,
That askes not hers, but can thy fortune ſhow.
That if into the field her husband go,
Or, the warres ended, for his country come,
Thraſyllus figures keep her ſtill at home.
Or if ſhe go eight furlongs, th'how'r is took,
For riding of that mile, out of her book:
That will, if her rubb'd eye but itch, indure,
Tall her nativity be caſt, no cure;
And though ſhe lie ſicke, yet will take no meate
Till th'how'r that *Petoſiris* bids her eate.
If poore, ſhe to the fortune-teller ſhowes
Her hand and forhead, and a kiſſe beſtowes:

Caſts

Casts lots, first hallowing both ends oth' lists.
The *Phrygian* augurs, and *Gymnosophists*
In both the globes verst, the *Patricians* hire,
Or those old Priests that watch heav'ns winged fire.
Plebeian fate the mount and *Circus* bounds,
Bare-neckt, at th'ovall tow'r before the rounds
Oth' *Delphine* pillars, in her gold-chaine stands
A Prostitute, who answers the demaunds
Of Goody Ale-wife, if she may forsake
Mine Host her husband, and a broker take.
Yet these the child-bed pangs and danger know,
And all a Nurse's labours undergo;
But in a rich-wrought-bed scarce one lyes in,
So prevalent have artes and med'cines bin
That unborne babes destroy. Rejoyce, thou wretch,
And for thy w fe thy selfe the potion fetch,
For should a boy spring in her pregnant wombe
Thou father to an *Æthiop* would'st become;
Straight this black thing pretends to all thou hast:
Ne're to be seene before thou break'st thy fast.
Supposititious children, Bishops pull'd
From the foule lake, I mention not. Joy gull'd,
Religion, honour mockt, whilst false heyres claime
The *Salian* priesthood, and great *Scaurus* name.
Sly fortune o're sweet babes does nightly stand,
Which in her bosome warm'd, by slight of hand

She

She into great-men's houſes doth convey,
Then laughs in ſecret at the parts they play:
She is the mother of their ſecond birth,
And brings them forth to be her ſcene of mirth.
This charmes, *Theſſalian* philters ſells that witch;
So pow'rfull, ſhe may clap her husbands breech
With his owne ſlippers: hence thy ſoule growes blind
And things, but now done, ſlide out of thy mind.
Yet were this well, would ſhe not ſcrue thee up
To *Nero*'s unkle's rage, into whoſe cup
Caſonia did a colt's whole front infuſe.
And what the prince his wife does, who'll not uſe?
All went to wrack in that disjoyned ſtate,
As *Juno* ſhould her *Jove* intoxicate.
'Las *Agrippina*'s gentler muſhrome ſped
One old-man, and but made his ſhaking head
And driveling mouth deſcend to heav'n: This drench
Not vulgar, mixt with noble bloud can quench,
Fire, ſteele, and whipps this calls for. Could one foale
Thus much? what then could ſhe that brew'd the boule?
They do, they may hate baſtards, none denies.
But now their ſonnes-in-law they ſacrifice:
You richer Orphanes, ſtand upon your guard,
No dainties touch, pale poyſons are prepar'd
By your owne mothers, get you taſters, pray,
Let your wiſe guardians e're you drink take ſay.

This

This, ſure, we faine! no precedent appeares,
Our newer Satyr lofty buskins weares;
We raunt in *Sophoclean* lines, too high
For our *Italian* hills, and *Latin* skie?
Would we did faine! but *Pontia* did confeſſe,
My ſonnes I would have poyſon'd. Vipereſſe,
What *two*? at one meale *two*? had I to ſerve
Beene mother, I had ſent them all to heav'n.
Medea's Progne's trigick ſcenes we may
Believe and pardon, women durſt eſſay
Things monſtrous in thoſe dayes, but not for gaine;
'Tis farre leſſe ſtrange, when in an angry veine
Their ſexe proves miſchievous: when rage, once croſt,
Inflames their livers; they are headlong toſt
Like ſtones from *Precipices*, when th'earth ſlides,
And leaves to the rock-head on mountaine-ſides;
But *her* I hate, that reaſons and commits
A foule crime, being in her perfect wits.
They looke upon *Alceſta* on the ſtage,
And ſee her for her Lord her life ingage.
Were ſuch a change now offer'd to a wife,
She would prefer her little bitches life.
You, *Belides*, and *Eriphyle*; meet;
And *Clitemneſtra*, day'y, in each ſtreet,
But diff'renc'd thus, th'old *Clitemneſtra* held
A fooliſh gouty axe ſhe ſcarce could weld.

Now with a red toad's lungs the feate they do,
Yet have their fine stelletto's ready too,
If wary *Agamemnon* shall have got
The thirce-foyl'd Monarch's *Ponick* Antidot.

FINIS.

ANNOTATIONS
UPON
The first Satyr *of* Juvenal.

VErſe 2. Hoarſe *Codrus Theſeids*) The *Theſeids* were Books of Chevalry, containing the valiant acts of *Theſeus* of *Athens* writ in Heroick Verſe by the Poet *Codrus*, a tedious reader of them, as appeares by his hoarſeneſſe; and a miſerable poore man, as you may ſee by his Inventory, Satyr 3. verſe 237.

Verſe 4. *Telephus*) The Tragedy of *Telephus*, who (being dangerouſly hurt in the left thigh by *Achilles*) had this anſwer from the Oracle, that there was no hope of his recovery but by receiving a new wound in the ſame place by the ſame ſpeare, or to procure the ruſt thereof, which weapon-ſalve or magnetick application cured him.

Verſe 5. *Oreſtes*) The Tragedy of *Oreſtes* ſonne of *Agamemnon*, who to revenge his fathers death ſlew his mother *Clytemneſtra*, puniſhing her ſinnes of adultery and murder with his ſinne of matricide, for which the furies haunted him.

Verſe 8. The Grove of *Mars*) The Grove in *Alba* where the Woolfe gave ſuck to the two ſonnes of *Mars Romulus* and *Rhemus*.

Verſe 8. *Vulcan's Grotto*) The ſulphurous wombe of the mountaine *Ætna*, where it was believed that *Vulcan* hammered out his Thunder-bolts, making the ſparkes flie into the adjacent countries.

Verſe 9. The *Æolian* Cliffs) The *Liparene* Rocks,

right against *Ætna* in the *Tyrrhene* Sea, where *Æolus* (supposed God of the winds) first arrived, who afterwards reigned in *Strongyle*, one of the *Liparene* Ilands.

Verse 10. *Æacus* inflicts) one of the three just infernall Judges, whose office was to see justice executed, *Rhadamanthus* being appointed to make the inquest, and *Minos* to pronounce sentence.

Verse 10. What Thiefe) *Jason*, who assisted by *Medea's* charmes, lay'd the Dragon in a sleep, while he stole the golden Fleece from *Cholcos*.

Verse 12. *Centaures*) *Thessalians*, who being the first Horse-men were fabled by the Poets (or perhaps by the feare of their enemies the *Lapythi*) to be halfe Men halfe Horses, and to cast young Ashes pluckt up by the rootes for Javelins.

Verse 12. *Fronto*) *Julius Fronto*, a noble *Roman*, who in the heate of *August*, when the Poets used to read their workes, accommodated them with shady Walks and marble Galleries.

Verse 15. The Ferula) the triviall exercises of schoole-boyes corrected with the Ferula.

Verse 16. Vaine Hortatives) Rhetoricall Declamations, whose commonest Theme was to advise *Sylla* to lay downe the soveraigne power of his Dictatorship, and to end his dayes in a retired quietnesse.

Verse 21. *Aurunean*) *Lucilius*, the first *Latin* Satyrist, borne at *Aurunca* a Towne built by *Auson* sonne of *Vlysses* and *Calypso*, of whom that part of *Italy* where *Beneventum* and *Cales* stood, was called *Ausonia*.

Verse 23. *Matvia*) a *Roman Amazon*, a she Fencer, that on the Stage play'd her Prize against the *Tuscan* Boares, which were the fiercest in *Italy*.

Verse 25. By one) *Cinnamus* the Barber, who was raised to the fortunes of a *Roman* gentleman by the bounty of his Mistris, and afterwards banisht to *Sicily*.

Verse

Verſe 29. *Criſpinus*) *Nero's* freedman, of whoſe advancement, and demeanour therein, read the beginning of the fourth Satyr.

Verſe 29. Purple Cloake) Purple of *Tyre*, a colour worne by the *Roman* Gentry and Nobility.

Verſe 38. *Matho*) One that of a poore Lawyer (by the favour of *Domitian Cæſar*) was become a rich Informer.

Verſe 38. The man) *Ægnatius Celer* the Stoick, who accuſed his Pupil *Bareas* as you may ſee in the third Satyr, verſe 139.

Verſe 41. *Maſſa*) *Maſſa*, *Carus*, and *Latinus*, were Stage-players, and Informers to *Domitian*, but all of them poore rogues in compariſon of *Ægnatius*, as you may ſee by *Latinus* his ſerious part acted at Court, which was to preſent his owne Wife *Thymele* for a bribe to the Stoick.

Verſe 46. A poore ounce) The Inheritance by the Civill Law, is divided into twelve parts called ounces, the abſolute Heyre to all is called *hæres ex aſſe*, the firſt named in the Will *Hæres prima cera*, a Legatee *hæres in ima cera*.

Verſe 52. in *Lions*) *Cæſar Caligula* inſtituted certaine exerciſes at *Lions* in *France*, where the beſt Orator had a royall Donative, which the vanquiſhed were to preſent him or elſe to eate their owne Orations, or in default of ſuch obedience to be drowned.

Verſe 58. Th'exile *Marius* Quaffes from two) *Marius Priſcus* Proconſul of *Affrica* being complained againſt by the *Affricans* for his extortion and plaine plundering of them in his government (for he ſtript them almoſt to their very ſhirts) was for his ſaid inſufferable miſdemeanours banished *Italy*, and fined at 7000 Seſtercii to be paid into the Exchequer. The poore Province, having this ſentence paſſed in their behalfe, received no benefit by it; but the condition of *Marius* was much bet-

terted, who went away with a vast summe of their mony, and in his banishment (according to the customs of the barbarous Nations) began his riotous feasting earlyer, drinking from the eighth houre, that is, from our two a clock in the afternoone, which was the houre wherein at *Rome* he used onely to goe into his Bath to prepare his body for a supper.

Verse 63. *Diomed*) The Romance of *Diomed* is, that it was his fortune in a Duell with *Æneas* to wound *Venus*, who was come to assist her sonne: in revenge whereof *Venus* caused *Ægialia Diomed*'s Wife to fall in love with *Stheneles*, who laying an ambush for her Husband as he returned from the Siege of *Troy* routed him, his men flying to the Sea, where they found wings, being transformed into Birds.

Verse 63. *Hercules*) The sonne of *Jupiter* and *Alcmena*, upon whom the twelve famous labours were imposed by his cruell Stepmother *Juno*.

Verse 64. The *Minotaur*) Halfe Man halfe Bull, the monstrous birth of King *Minos* his Queene *Pasiphae*, who tooke the Bull in a cowe of wood made by the art of *Dædalus*.

Verse 64. The boy that in the Seas) *Icarus* who fell headlong (his waxen wings being melted with his ambitious flight) and was drowned in the Sea.

Verse 65. The man of Art) *Dædalus*, who (being with his sonne *Icarus* imprisoned by *Minos* of *Creet* in the same Labornith where the *Minotaur* was) invented wings for his owne and his sonne's escape, and lighted at *Cuma* in *Italy*, where he put off his feathers, as you may read in the third Satyr, verse 30.

Verse 66. The law denyes) Adulteresses were by *Domitian* made uncapable of inheritance, and of using close Chayres or Sedans.

Verse 70. Awaking nose) The Pimpe (perhaps *Latinus*)

ginus) making as if he ſnored while *Ægnatius* kiſt his Wife.

Verſe 71. He ſtands) *Fuſcus*, who having ſpent all the Eſtate left him by his noble Anceſtors in horſe-races, and Charriot-matches made ſuit to have a Regiment or Cohort, which contained three Maniples, every Maniple two Centuries, every Century one hundred men.

Verſe 74. In the *Flaminian* way) A high-way from *Rome*, where they uſed to ride their Coach-matches, and by the ſides whereof were placed divers urnes and monuments of the *Romans*.

Verſe 76. The Boy *Automedon*) *Automedon* was Coach-man to *Achilles*, and when *Fuſcus* was but the boy *Automedon*, before he was able to drive a Chariot, yet to ſhow his love to that art, of which the Ladyes were ſo inamoured, he would hold the reines and diſcourſe to his Miſtris in the Coach.

Verſe 80. Forger of the will) *Tigellinus*, one of *Domitian*'s favourite informers, who poyſoned three of his Uncles (as you ſhall read in the end of this Satyr) and forged Wills wherein he made himſelfe Heyre to them all.

Verſe 83. *Mecænas*-like) *Mecænas* was ſo great a Patron to the Poets, that now his very name ſignifies a favourer of learning, and (as it appears by this alluſion) it may likewiſe ſignifie a true voluptuary.

Verſe 87. *Locuſta*) A woman ſo expert in the art of impoyſoning, that being chid by *Nero* for dealing gently with *Britannicus*, ſhe gave him a doſe, that killed him at Supper, before the Boule wherein he drank it was taken from his hand.

Verſe 89. *Gyarus*) One of the narroweſt of the *Cyclades* I ſlands, in the *Ægean* Sea, to which the *Romans* uſed to baniſh their greateſt Delinquents.

Verſe 94. *Prætextati*) The young Nobility of *Rome*,

ſo called of the Prætexta (or gowne imbrodered about with gardes of purple ſilke) whereof untill they were diveſted they could not be arreigned by law.

Verſe 96. *Clavienus*) an unlearned Poët, contemporary with the Authour.

Verſe 97. E're ſince *Deucalion*) Ever ſince the beginning of the world after *Deucalion's* Flood, when landing on the top of the mountaine *Parnaſſus* his wife *Pyrrha* was adviſed by the Oracle of *Themis* to caſt ſtones over her ſhoulder for the reſtoring of mankind.

Verſe 113. *Villa's*) Country-houſes.

Verſe 113. A little Basket) This Sportula or little Basket ſometimes contained onely mony, as in this place, and then the Patron was at the coſt of one hundred farthings to entertaine his Clyents and ſometimes the Sportula was enlarged into a pannier wherein there was meat for a hundred Clients, as you may read in the third Satyr, verſe 289.

Verſe 117. Our ancient *Trojans*) The old *Romans* derived their Pedigrees from *Trojan Æneas*.

Verſe 119. The Prætor) An Officer in the nature of our Lord chiefe Juſtice.

Verſe 119. The Tribune) The Tribunes of the People from the number of two in their firſt inſtitution, afterwards increaſed to ten, they were much like to our House of Commons; they ſate at the doore of the Senate, they were the grand Jury to informe the Lords, no Act could paſſe unleſſe they ſubſcribed it with a *T*, but they themſelves had not authority to make an Act, notwithſtanding in proceſſe of time they uſurped ſuch a power.

Verſe 120. The freedman's firſt) Theſe are the words of *Criſpinus*, or of ſome other freed-man borne either in *Cappadocia*, *Meſopotamia*, *Aſſyria*, or *Arabia*, for the River of *Euphrates* runs through all thoſe Countries.

Verſe

Verſe 125. To make a Gentleman) Foure hundred *Seſtertia* or 3125 l. or thereabout, was the *cenſus equeſtris*, or eſtate of a Gentleman of *Rome*, a freed-man that had ſo much might challenge all the priviledges belonging to the Gentry, and a Gentleman that had leſſe, could not legally ſo much as ſit on the Benches and Cuſhions in the *Circus* or great Show-place, as you ſee in the third Satyr, verſe 183.

Verſe 126. *Corvinus*) A Gentleman of the Noble Family of the *Corvini* growne ſo extreamly poore, that he was inforced to be a Shepherd's man neere to the Towne of *Laurentum* in his owne native Climate.

Verſe 128. *Pallas*) The wealthy freed-man of *Claudius Caſar*.

Verſe 129. The *Licini*) *Licinus* (freed-man to *Auguſtus*) having *Gallia* given him for his Province extorted an infinite maſſe of money out of the *French*. It ſeemes there were more rich freed-men of that name.

Verſe 137. Concord that ſo creakes) There was a Storkes neſt in the Temple of *Concord*, where ſtill when the old bird returned to feed her young ones, they opened their harſh ill-ſounding throates to entertaine her.

Verſe 140. Their Clients) The Clients had relation to ſome of the Nobility as their Patrons. The Patron was obliged in honour to protect his Client; the Client, beſides his attendance in publik, was bound by law to contribute towards their Patrons Aſſeſſements, and the Marriages of his Daughters, and if any Client was proved to be unfaithfull to his Patron, to informe, depoſe, or give his vote againſt him, or for his enemy, he was for ſuch Treaſon devoted to the infernall Gods, or accurſed by the Prieſt, and out-law'd by the Judge, ſo that it was lawfull for any man to kill him.

Verſe 150. The *Forum*) Where the Hall and Courts of Juſtice were, whether the Client waited upon his Patron.

Verſe

Verse 150. Councellour *Apollo*) Neere to whose Temple the Judges sate.

Verse 152. Th' *Ægyptian* or th' *Arabarch*) among the Monuments of the noble *Romans* was placed the Statue of the aforenamed *Canopian* slave *Crispinus* inscribed *Arabarch* or Prince of the *Arabians*.

Verse 156. For a Supper) The Supper anciently bestowed upon the Clients was called a plaine Supper, or *Cana recta*, to distinguish it from their Patrons, *Cana dubia*, or doubtfull supper, where was such choice of dishes as made the Guest a skepuck at his meat, doubting where to begin.

Verse 167. Whole Boares) The first that brought up this fashion of having Boares served whole to the table was *P Servilius Rullus*.

Verse 170. Crude Peacock) The Peacocks flesh (if we beleeve the authority of Saint *Augustine*) putrefieth not at all, no marvell therefore if it were raw upon the glutton's stomach when he went into his bath againe to prepare himselfe for another meale. *Hortensius* the Augur first brought Peacock in estimation at the *Roman* feasts.

Verse 173. Their angry friends) They could not chuse but be vext at the losse of the Legacyes they might have had, if their friends gluttony had suffered them to make their wills.

Verse 182. *Matius*) A poore knave, persecuted by *Lucilius* in his Satyrs.

Verse 183. *Tigellinus*) A Favourite to the Emperour *Domitian*, that made himselfe heyre to three of his Uncles by forging of their Wills as aforesaid.

Verse 185. Like those) Christians, of whose bodies *Nero* made bonefires, using them as he had done *Rome*, whose setting on fire he charged them withall.

Verse 192. *Turnus*) The Generall of the *Rutilians*, who

who fought a ſingle Combate with *Æneas*, and was inraged with his owne Patroneſſe *Iuno* becauſe ſhe tooke him away, and would not ſuffer him to make an end.

Verſe 193. *Achilles* ſlaine hurts no one) who before *Paris* ſhot him in the heele was ſo temible to the *Trojans*, and ſo vexatious even to *Agamemnon* himſelfe.

Verſe 193. *Hylas*) A delicate Boy favourite to *Hercules*, who ſending him to fetch freſh water from the river *Aſcanius*, the poore Boy's pitcher broke into the ſtreame, and drew him after it, where he was drowned.

Verſe 202. *Latin* and *Flaminian* way) High wayes neere *Rome* full of Monuments of the deceaſed as aforeſaid.

ANNO.

ANNOTATIONS
UPON
The second Satyr *of* Juvenal.

VErſe 1. *Sarmatia*) A vaſt tract of the earth anciently called *Scythia*, part in *Europe* and part in *Aſia*, it contained *Poland*, *Ruſſia*, *Muſcouia*, and *Tartary*; the *Sarmatians* (or as *Juvenal* calls them, the *Sauromattians*) being in his time held to be the farthest people Northward, as the *Garamantes* were eſteemed the farthest Southward.

Verſe 1. Frozen Sea) The North Sea, where the *Hollanders* have diſcovered *Nova Zembla*.

Verſe 4. *Curii*) *Marcus Curius* (one of the temperate Family of the *Curii*) triumphed over the *Sabines*, *Samnites*, and *Lucanians*, and beate *Pyrrhus* out of *Italy*. To inſtance how great his moderation was, when Embaſſadours from the *Samnites* found his Table covered by the fire ſide furniſhed with earthen diſhes, and himſelfe roaſting rootes for his ſupper, and offered him (being in that poore condition) a great ſumme of money, he refuſed it, aſſuring them that he had rather ſtill eate in Earth, and command them that were ſerved in Gold.

Verſe. 4. *Bacchanals*) The aſſembly at the *Bacchanals*, or thoſe barbarous feaſts of *Bacchus*, where it was death to be virtuous, they that refuſed to ſacrifice to luſt, being themſelves made ſacrifices to fury.

Verſe 5. *Chryſippus*) Scholler to the Stoicks *Zeno* and *Cleanthes*, ſo great a Logician that it grew into a Proverb, *if the Gods would ſtudy Logick, they would read* Chryſippus.

Verſe

Verſe 7. *Pittæus*) One of the ſeven Sages of *Greece*, who having ſeven yeares beene abſolute Governour of his countrey *Mithylene*, willingly reſigned his Authority.

Verſe 8. *Ariſtotle*) Prince of Philoſophers, Tutour to *Alexander* the great.

Verſe 9. *Cleanthes*) A famous Stoick, who was ſo poore when he went to ſchoole to *Zeno*, that neceſſity inforced him to worke by night, to keep himſelfe from hunger and ſcorne in the day time.

Verſe 14. *Socraticke* Catamite) *Socrates* Tutour to *Alcibiades* did not onely read vittue to his Pupil, but was ſhrowdly ſuſpected to have practiſed vice with him.

Verſe 21. *Perſbonius*) The *Archigallus*, or chiefe Prieſt of the *Phrygian* Goddeſſe *Cybele*, who uttered his wanton diſcourſes publikely at the table, where he ſhowed his cunning pallat, as you ſhall have it in his deſcription in this Satyr, verſe 135.

Verſe 27. *Hercules*) The Author refers to the Dialogue where *Zenophon* brings in Virtue and Vice arguing with *Hercules*, who confutes this Monſter with Arguments, as he had done others with his Club.

Verſe 29. *Varellus*) An infamous poore Man, who is cenſured by *Sextus* a wicked rich Man.

Verſe 33. *Gracchi*) *Tiberius* and *Caius Gracchus*, thoſe two ſeditious Tribunes of the people (ſonnes to that excellent patterne of modeſty *Cornelia*) both ſhine in the commotions which they themſelves had raiſed in the State of *Rome*.

Verſe 35. *Milo*) A murderer, though eloquently excuſed and acquited by *Cicero*, that in another of his Orations made *Verres* famous for his theft, who robbed not one man, not one City, but his whole Province of *Sicily*.

Verſe 36. *Clodius*) That impudent and ſacrilegious adulterer, who came diſguiſed like a ſinging-woman to meet

met *Cæsars* Wife at the solemnities of the Goddesse *Bona*, where it was not lawfull for any but women to be present. See the sixth Satyr, He marryed his owne Neece, injoyed three Sisters, and corrupted *Metella* the daughter of that religious *Pontifex Maximus* who lost his eyes with his zealous care to preserve the *Palladium* or wooden Image of *Minerva*, when her Temple was on fire.

Verse 37. *Catiline*) *Salust* writes the History of *Catiline* at large, who conspired against the Republick with *Lentulus Cethegus*, &c.

Verse 38. *Sylla's* three schollars) The *Triumviri*, *Cæsar*, *Anthony*, and *Lepidus*, who made an Association, imitating *Sylla's* bloudy acts of Proscription wherin so many of the *Roman* Nobility and Gentry were marked out for slaughter.

Verse 39. One contriv'd) *Domitius Cæsar*, who kept his Niece *Julia* (the daughter of his noble Brother *Titus*) and inforced her to take so many receipts to make her part with her conception, that at last what was meant to preserve destroyed her.

Verse 40. That bitter Law) The *Julian* Law, by which Adultery was made death, preferred by *Julius Cæsar*, and revived by *Domitian*, whil'st he himselfe lived in incest with his Neece; a Law not onely terrible to Men, but that would have affrighted a God and a Goddesse, if *Vulcan* might have pleaded it, when he tooke *Mars* and *Venus* in his Net.

Verse 45. *Scauri*) *Marcus Scaurus* was thrice Prince of the Senate and twice Censor, so that he might by his place correct abuses in manners.

Verse 48. *Laronia*) A rich wanton Lady of *Rome*, who tels this rigid Philosopher, that *Cato* the Censor by his office, and his Nephew the Censor by his exemplary life, being both laid in the earth, *it seemes there is a third*

Cato

Cato *came from Heaven*; meaning this censorious Stoick by the by, she takes notice that he weares a perfume, and askes where he had it, that she might buy at the same shop, it being as proper for her soft sex, as contrary to his severe profession.

Verse 54. The Law *Scantinian*) C. *Scantinius* being accused by C. *Marcellus* for offering to ravish his Sonne, a Law passed in Senate, that set a fine of 10000 *HS* upon the like attempt, and in default of payment made it death.

Verse 66. *Arachne*) A mayde of *Lydia*, that challenged *Pallas* to weave with her, for which presumption, the victorious Goddesse transformed her into a Spider, that is still weaving to no purpose.

Verse 67. *Penelope*) The chast wife of *Ulysses*, who, to put off her Suitors (that grew importunate in the long absence of her Husband at the Siege of *Troy*) promised them, that when she had finished a piece then in the loome, she would resolve upon a second Marriage, and present it to him: she would make choice of; but she unwove by night what by day she had woven, till her Husband's returne decided the controversie.

Verse 80. *Procula*) *Procula*, *Pollinea*, *Fabulla*, *Carfinia*, were the names of *Roman* Curtizans.

Verse 87. Our victorious Fathers) The old *Romans*, whose richest apparrell was their wounds, their strongest Fortifications the Mountaines, and their healthfullest exercise the Plough, with what indignation would they have beheld the more then strumpet-like impudence of these farsenet Judges.

Verse 93. *Cretan Master*) The just Judge *Minos* was a *Cretan*.

Verse 101. One of those Priests) Which gave out that they sacrificed to the *Roman* Goddesse *Bona*, when indeed they used quite contrary ceremonies, for there men were

were forbid to come, here no woman was admitted, there they were called by the ſound of a Cornet, here by the ſilent liſting up of a Torch: in this they agreed that a young Sow was ſacrificed by both; which was a victim likewiſe offered to the *Athenian* Goddeſſe *Cotyttus* by the *Baptiſts*, the very parallels to theſe effeminate Seperatiſts.

Verſe 118. His Maſter's *Juno*) A man uſed to make proteſtation by his *Genius*, a woman by her *Juno*.

Verſe 119. *Otho*) The effeminate ſucceſſour to the Emperour *Galba*.

Verſe 120. *Aſtor Aruncum* (ſpoiles) A maſſy Speare that *Turnus* in *Virgil* wonne in fight from the great Souldier *Aſtor Aruncus*, which was not greater for a Speare then *Otho*'s Trophie was for a Looking-glaſſe.

Verſe 128. *Galba*'s death) *Galba* being a very old man, was ſlaine in *Rome* by his owne tumultuary Souldiers at the inſtigation of *Otho*.

Verſe 129. T'th' *Bebriacke* Field) Where *Otho* was overthrowne by *Vitellius*.

Verſe 131. *Semiramis*) That manly ſpirited Queene of *Aſſyria*, in the day of battaile when ſhe put on her Armes, painted not her ſelfe as *Otho* did, though ſhe was ſo luſtfull as to make love to a Horſe.

Verſe 133. *Cleopatra*) Who at the Battaile of *Actium* had reaſon to make her ſelfe handſome, when *Marc. Anthony* ventured his life the world to fight for her.

Verſe 135 Here's lewd diſcourſe) Betwixt *Peribonius* and his ſcholliers that imitated him in all things but the uſing of *Phrygian* Razours, *viz.* Fiſh-ſhels to geld themſelves withall.

Verſe 144. For *Gracchus* Dower) A Gentleman (or rather a Prodigy) of that noble Family of the *Gracchi* marryed himſelfe as a Bride to a Trumpeter, and brought him for a Dower or Portion 400 *Seſtertia*, (that is) about

bout 3125 being the *census equestris*, or legall Estate of a Gentleman of *Rome*.

Verse 147. *Censour)* Who was inabled by his office to punish faults of manners even in the Nobility.

Verse 148. *Aruspex)* A Priest that foretold things to come by beholding the entrailes of sacrificed Beasts, part of whose duty was to purge the place which had beene contaminated with any monstrous birth.

Verse 150. A Cow calve a Lambe) here *calveis* the proper action of the Cow in bringing forth a Lambe; but in the precedent verse, *damme* is the denomination which the woman receives after she hath brought forth a *Calfe*, I explaine herein, lest my Reader referring both words to the same action, I might be thought to transgresse against the rules of proportion.

Verse 151. The sacred Shields th' *Ancilia*) The *Ancile* was a brazen Sheild round at both ends, and halfe-moon'd at the sides, which in *Numa's* reigne (when miracles were frequent at *Rome*) fell downe from Heaven at the ceasing of the plague, a voice being heard (out of the cloud from whence it dropt) that promised health to *Rome* so long as that *Ancile* should be kept safe, whereupon *Mamurius* was commanded by *Numa* to make eleven more such Shields, wh ch he did, and made them all so like the first, as they were indistinguishable, these twelve *Ancilia* were delivered to the custody of twelve Priests of *Mars* (one of whose Colledge this *Gracchus* was, before he was married to the Trumpeter) called *Salian* or dancing Priests, because their custome was to dance when they caryed the *Ancilia*.

Verse 155. *Rome's* Father) *Mars*, stiled father of *Rome* by consequence, as being Father of the Founder of *Rome*, *Romulus*, who was bred among the Shepherds, and whose Posterity in his right are here named *Latian* Shepherds, and his Pallace is called the old sheep-coat, Sat. 6.

Verse 162. Those dreadfull Fields) *Campus Martius*; a large circuit of ground neere the River of *Tiber* bestowed on the people of *Rome* by *Gaia Tarratia* a *Vestall virgin*, and taken from them by *Tarquinius Superbus* for his owne use; but after his expulsion restored againe to the first purpose, for which it was dedicated to *Mars*, to exercise the *Roman Militia*, and to be (as *Strabo* calls it) *Romes* great Schoole of Warre.

Verse 164. *Quirinus* valley) The valley of *Romulus*, who after he was Deified, was called, and pray'd to by the name of *Quirinus*.

Verse 173. Swolne *Lide's* salve-box) A charme against barrennesse, worne by the superstitious *Roman* women, and sold by those quack-salving gossips of *Lidia*. About the understanding of this word *Lide* there have beene great controversies amongst the Criticks; *Junius* will have *Lide* to be the *Lidian* mayd *Arachne*, and so to signifie a Spider, which (the Naturalists say) if it be worne about a woman, will make her fruitfull; *Politianus* will have *Lide* to signifie one of those *Lidian* women that went about *Rome* to sell Receipts to the Ladyes. Now doe but suppose this Spider of *Junius*, to be put in *Politians* salve-box, & to feed upon the unguent that imbalmed the inside thereof (as those Spiders do that at this day are worne in baggs or walnut-shells against a Tertian Ague) and then either interpretation of *Lide* may stand good, and so the Spider may be sold for a charme against barrennesse by the *Lidian* women, that should best know her nature who was their country-woman, and consequently the two Criticks are reconciled, without the learned scruple, that if *Lide* had signified a Spider, *condita* must then have beene the nominative case, and so the verse have wanted the true quantities. And thus much shall suffice for criticismes of Interpreters.

Verse 174. Th'active *Luperci*) Two young Gentlemen,

men, which at the *Lupercals*, or feaſt of *Pan* had their fore-heads ſmeered with the bloud of a ſacrificed Goats, which was preſently dryed up againe in their wooll dipped in their milke, then they cut the Goats skins into thongs, and ran (as far as modeſty ſuffered) naked through the ſtreets, ſtriking whomſoever they met of either ſex. The barren women ſtanding purpoſely in their way, in hope to be made fruitfull by their blowes.

Verſe 175. More monſtrous) Another of that great Houſe of the *Gracchi*; who turned a common Fencer, and came upon the Stage in a blew coate, as a *Retiarius*, or Net-bearer, ſo named from a kind of ſloate Net, which he carryed in his hand ayming to caſt it about the head of the *Sequutor*, or purſuer, who played againſt him, and preſt upon him with a Sword and Target; the *Retiarius*, if he miſſed his draught, ſtill flying till he could recover and put his Net into a poſture of offence: in the meane time defending himſelfe with a three-forked Speare.

Verſe 178. *Capitelin race)* The poſterity of *Marcus Manlius* ſirnamed *Capitolinus*, becauſe he adviſed to man the *Capitoll* after the enemy had taken *Rome*.

Verſe 179. *Marcelli)* *Marc. Marcellus* in a ſingle combate ſlew the Generall of the *Gaules*, tooke *Syracuſa* in *Sicily*, was five times Conſul, and at laſt periſhed by one of *Hanibal's* ſtratagems: another *Marcellus* firſt made *Rome* underſtand that *Hanibal* was not invincible.

Verſe 179. *Catuli)* *Q. Luctatius Catulus* (who ennobled this Houſe of the *Catuli*) with a Fleet of three hundred *Roman* Ships, had the day of ſix hundred Saile of *Carthaginians*, and put an end to the firſt *Punick* warre.

Verſe 179. The *Fabian* name) Of which name three hundred and ſix, under the conduct of the Conſul *Fabius* were all ſlaine together, by an Ambuſh layd by the *Veians* at the River of *Cremera*.

Verſe 180. From *Paulus*) *Paulus Æmilius* the Con-

ſul ſlaine at the fatall battell at *Canna* in *Apulia*.

Verſe 182. Not bating him) The Tribune, that hired this *Gracchus* to venture his life thus ignobly upon a Stage.

Verſe 184. The *Stygian* Sound) The River of *Styx* over which *Charon* (with the Oare here mentioned) ferries millions of Soules together at one Fare.

Verſe 186. Pay not for their Bath) No Boyes at *Rome* were exempted from paying for their Bath, but ſuch as were not foure yeares old, and it appeares that none but ſuch did believe in the puniſhment of Soules in the next world.

Verſe 187. *Camillus*) *Furius Camillus*, who conquered the *Falliſci*, overthrew the *Gaules*, and was of ſo knowne an integrity, that he was choſen Dictatour in his abſence.

Verſe 188. *Fabricius*) Read his nobler character in *Valerius Maximus*.

Verſe 188. *Curius*) Of whom in the beginning of this Satyr.

Verſe 188. Both the *Scipios*) Theſe two thunderbolts that from their victories in *Aſia* and *Africa*, bore the Surnames of *Aſian* and *African*.

Verſe 189. The Legion) The three hundred and ſix *Fabians* aforementioned.

Verſe 190. The Youth at *Canna*) The flower of all the *Roman* Militia, upon whom the *Carthaginians* at the battaile of *Canna* did execution ſo long, till *Hanibal* himſelfe cryed out, *Souldiers no more bloud*.

Verſe 193. Purifie themſelves) The *Aruſpex* when he purified a place defiled with monſters uſed a Torch and Sulphure with water, and a Laurell ſprinkle.

Verſe 197. Th'*Orcades*) *Claudius Cæſar* added the Iſlands of the *Orcades* to the *Roman* Empire.

Verſe 200. *Zalates*) One of the *Armenian* Children ſent

ſent hoſtage to *Rome*, and there debauched by the Tribune, who had the cuſtody and breeding of him.

Verſe 207. *Artaxata*) A City in *Armenia* neere the River of *Araxes*.

Verſe 208. Prætextati) The young *Roman* Nobility ſo called from the Prætexta or Robe which they wore, imbroydered with purple ſilke.

ANNOTATIONS

UPO[illegible]

The third S[illegible]

VErſe 2. Empt[illegible]
ancient of [illegible]
ted neere th[illegible]
hot Bathes wer[illegible]
gave the Title t[illegible]
there.

Verſe 5. *Pro[illegible]*
of *Campania*.

Verſe 6. *Subur[illegible]*
ſtreet in *Rome*.

Verſe 10. Poëts t[illegible] *aans*
uſed ſtill to go into the C[illegible] ummer,
yet even in *Auguſt*, when the [illegible] thinneſt, one
could not walke the Streets but he ſhould meet Poets, that
would importune him to heare them read, although the
hot ayre and their frozen verſes were enough to k ll
him.

Verſe 12. Moiſt *Capena*) The Aqua-ducts, or Pipes
that conveied the water that ſerved *Rome*, paſſed over the
old Arches at the Port *Capena* in the *Appian* way, where
the Proconſuls uſed to be ſworne.

Verſe 12. *Numa* and his Goddeſſe) It was believed,
that King *Numa* and the Nymph *Egeria* met at theſe Ar-
ches in the night, and that ſhe there adviſed him in thoſe
Rites and Ceremonies of the Gods which he eſtabliſhed
among the *Romans*; neere to this place lay the valley of
Egeria

Egeria, wherein there was a Grove consecrated by *Numa* to the Muses the Assistants of this Goddesse, and a Temple dedicated to her, all which ground and buildings were now let out by the people of *Rome* to the poore *Jewes* that got up their rent with begging.

Verse 25. *Umbricius*) Who this *Umbricius* was that speakes the rest of this Satyr I find not, more then his present Character discovers; that is, an honest, and therefore a poore *Roman*. Certainely if it had beene that *Umbricius* the *Aruspex* which *Pliny* sayes was so excellent at divination, and who, as *Tacitus* writes, foretold the murder of *Galba*, his art would have beene able to have maintained him in *Rome*.

Verse 30. Where *Dadalus*) *Cuma* must needs be a delicate sweet Seate, which was made choice of by *Dadalus*, who flying viewed the whole world (if we believe the Poets) or that (if we unweave their Fables) made discoveries of the world by Sea with his winged Sailes, and at *Cuma* furled them, bidding farewell to the Ocean.

Verse 32. Whilst my haire is gray) Before it turne white.

Verse 33. *Lachesis*) That fatall sister that spinnes the thread of life, *Clotho* holding the distaffe, and *Atropos* cutting it off.

Verse 36. *Arthurius* and *Catulus*) Once poore Rogues, now Officers, that make use of their authority to monopolise all beneficiall places and good bargaines.

Verse 40. The commanding Speare) At the Auction or publike sale of any mans personall estate (part whereof his slaves were) It was the custome of *Rome* to stick up a Speare to give notice to the Towne, an Affix or bill of the goods being posted for the buyers to read, the Cryer sitting under the Speare with his merchandise, and crying, who gives most? and some Officers (some *Arthurius* or *Catulus*) standing by for vouchers.

ANNOTATIONS UPON *The third* Satyr *of* Juvenal.

VErſe 2. Empty *Cuma*) A City in *Campania* the moſt ancient of all the Townes in *Sicily* and *Italy*, ſituated neere the Sea ſhore in the way to *Baia*, where the hot Bathes were; it was built by *Hypocles Cumaus*, and gave the Title to *Sybilla Cumæa*, who had her Chappell there.

Verſe 5. *Prochytas*) A ſolitary Iſland upon the Coaſt of *Campania*.

Verſe 6. *Suburra*) The faireſt and moſt frequented ſtreet in *Rome*.

Verſe 10. Poëts that in *Auguſt* read) The *Romans* uſed ſtill to go into the Country in the heate of Summer, yet even in *Auguſt*, when the Towne was thinneſt, one could not walke the Streets but he ſhould meet Poets, that would importune him to heare them read, although the hot ayre and their frozen verſes were enough to kill him.

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Verſe 43. With reverſt thumbs) When there was any Sword-play, or fighting on the Stage, it was in the power of the people if a Fencer were in danger of his life to compell him to fight it out, though he dyed for it, by preſſing downe their thumbs; or by bending them back, to diſcharge him. It ſeemes *Arthurus* and *Catulus* had the leading thumbs.

Verſe 54. Todes entrailes) The cunning'ſt *Aruſpex* at divining by the entrailes of a Toade was *Locuſta*, and much employed therein by *Nero's* mother *Agrippina*.

Verſe 65. Rich *Tagus*) A River in *Luſitania*, whoſe ſands have a mixture of gold.

Verſe 71. This *Greek* Towne) Meaning *Rome*, where the vices of the *Greekes* (expreſt in their very Language) were in faſh on with men and women; as you may read Satyr 6. verſe 209.

Doſt cry ζωὴ ψυχὴ, and uſe ith' crowd
Thoſe words the bed-cloths but e'vn now did ſhrowd.

Verſe 73. *Orontes*) A River in *Syria* (anciently named *Typhon*) that ranne by the City of *Antioch* as *Tiber* by *Rome*.

Verſe 76. *Circus*) The great ſhow-place neere Mount *Aventine*, where the *Romans* beheld the playing of Prizes by the Fencer, the baiting and chaſing of wild Beaſts, riding of great horſes &c. *Tarquinius Priſcus* made Galleries about it that would containe 150000 Perſons; underneath were Cellers and Vaults where the Gallants after the publike ſports were ended, had their choice of wenches of all Countries.

Verſe 79. Our nointed Clowne) It was the cuſtome of the meaneſt ſort of *Roman* Fencers to have their necks nointed with a kind of artificiall clay made of oyle and earth; but the *Greeke* peaſants though farre meanlyer born (as being ſubject to theſe) deſpiſed their low thoughes of

of honour wonne by Sword-play, and poore wyves of getting mony by th'Almes-basket.

Verſe 81. *Andros*) *Andros* is one of the Iſlands of the *Cycladæs*; *Samos* is an Iſle in the *Ionian* Sea: *Amydon* a City of *Paonia*: *Trallis* a Towne of *Aſia*: *Alabanda* a City of *Aſia* Minor: *Sicyon* an Iſland in the *Ægean* Sea.

Verſe 83. Th'*Eſquilian* Mount) (Or *Eſquiline* Mount if you like this epithet better, for I conteſt not about words) is one of *Romes* ſeven Hills, where divers noble *Romans* had their Houſes, as you may ſee in the complaint made by the upbraided Client, Sat. 5. verſe 89.

Verſe 84. The wickers) An other of the ſeven Hills took the name of *Mon: Viminius* from the Oziers or Wicker twiggs growing upon it, and gave a name to *Jupiter*, who was called *Viminius* from the Altars there erected to his honour.

Verſe 88. *Iſæus*) An Orator of a moſt fluent tongue Tutour to the eloquent *Demoſthenes*.

Verſe 95. Was he not) *Dædalus*.

Verſe 100. *Syrian* Figgs) Theſe and Sea-coale were wafted to the coaſt of *Italy* by the ſame wind that brought in the *Greeks*, and to the ſame purpoſe, both the Figgs, Sea-coale, and *Greeks* coming thither to be ſold.

Verſe 102. *Sabine*) The *Sabines* were Neighbours to the *Romans* at the foundation of *Rome*, and furniſhed them with Wifes though againſt their wills, for the *Sabine* Women were caught by a ſtratagem of *Romulus* who invited them to the *Conſualia*, or games celebrated in honour of *Neptune*.

Verſe 106. *Antæus*) A Gyant, one of the ſonnes of the Earth, and it concerned *Hercules* when they wreſtled together to hold him in the ayre, becauſe he recovered his ſtrength as often as he touched his mother the Earth.

Verſe 111. *Doris*) A ſea Nymph, whoſe part the *Greeke* Players acted, as her Picture was drawne naked.

Verſe

Verse 122. *Thaïs*) A Courtezan.

Verse 125. *Demetrius*) *Demetrius*, *Antiochus*, *Stratocles*, and *Hamus* were *Gracian* Actors that set up at *Rome*.

Verse 137. *Gymnasium*) The Philosophy schoole.

Verse 139. *Bareas*) *Bareas Soranus* was put to death in *Nero*'s reigne upon the accusation of his Tutour *P. Egnatius*, but a just judgment overtook this impious Schoolemaster; for he himselfe in the reign of *Vespasian* was condemned and executed upon the information of *Musonius Rufus*.

Verse 142. Where from) *Tarsus*, a City in *Cilicia*, where *Egnatius* was borne, and where a feather moulting from the wing of *Bellerophon*'s Horse *Pegasus* he fell and sprained his Fetlock, whence the City tooke the name of *Tagoïs*.

Verse 144. *Erimantus*) *Erimantus*, *Protogenes*, and *Diphilus* were the names of *Gracians*, that were Tutours to the Children of *Romans*.

Verse 158. Lictor) The Lictors were in their first institution Serjeants that went before the Prætor or Lord Chiefe Justice of *Rome* carrying in their hands a bundle of Rods with an Axe in the middle, to signifie the different punishments of great and petty offenders.

Verse 155. His Collegue) His fellow in office, the other Prætor.

Verse 156. *Media*) She and *Albina* were rich childlesse women, which were courted by the Nobility and sent unto before day to know how they had slept, in as servile a way, as the Nobility were bid good morrow by their Clients.

Verse 160. The Tribune) A Field-officer in the nature of our Serjeant Major Generall. There were likewise another sort of Tribunes in the Armie called *Tribuni Rutili* or *Suffecti*, that were a kind of Committee, having Consular

Consular power appointed by the protectors of the Commons or Tribunes of the people, and authorized by the Lords in Senate.

Verse 160. Legion) A just Legion consisted of 6000 men.

Verse 161. *Catiena*) She, *Calvina*, and *Chio* were rich Courtezans.

Verse 166. *Cybel's* host) *Scipio Nasica*, whose House for the Masters integrity was made choice of by the Senate to entertaine the Image of the *Phrygian Cybele* Mother of the Gods, untill a Temple could be built for her at *Rome*.

Verse 166. *Numa*) The second King of *Rome*, Author of the Rites and Ceremonies of their Gods.

Verse 167. Sav'd frighted *Pallas*) *Lucius Metellus* the *Pontifex Maximus*, that when the Temple of *Pallas* was on fire rescued her *Palladium* or wooden Image with the losse of his eyes, rather choosing to venture his owne life, then to let *Rome* be in danger as *Troy* was, to be lost for want of the *Palladium*.

Verse 174. *Samothracians*) The Gods *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Pallas*, &c. were brought to *Rome* from *Samothracia*. *Mars* and *Romulus* were Deities peculiar to the *Romans*.

Verse 188. Vaine *Otho*) *L. Roscius Otho* Tribune of the people preferred a Law, that there should be fourteene Benches set a-part at every Stage or Theater onely for such *Romans* whose Estates amounted to 400. *HS.* or *Sestertia*, that is, about 3125*l* Sterling, which was (as the Poet notes in his first Satyr, verse 125) the summe that made a Gentleman, at least at the Theater, for he that had lesse and sate upon these Benches was punishable by the *Roscian* Law.

Verse 191. Ædiles) The Ædiles were primitively Officers that had the charge to see Houses belonging to the

the City kept in reparation, as also Temples; these were called Ædiles Curules, from the Chariot they rode in, and were constantly chosen out of the Patricians or Nobility. But another sort of Ædiles (which are those here spoken of) were chosen out of the Plebeians or Commons. And had besides the former Authority the charge of Aquaducts or publike Conduits, with power to examine weights and measures, and to force the Seller to take againe his sophisticated wates. The Patrician Ædiles governed one yeare, the Plebeian Ædiles the next, and so still by turnes.

Verse 198. *Marsians*) A poore people of *Apulia* in *Italy*.

Verse 199. *Sabellian* food) Such hard fare as the *Samnites* were accustomed to, a people dwelling upon the mountaine betwixt the *Sabines* and the *Marsians* conquered by *Marcus Curius* the Dictator.

Verse 206. The pale gaping thing) The foole in a Play with his vizard on.

Verse 215. What wilt thou give) *viz.* to my Lord *Cossus* his Chamber-keepers.

Verse 216. *Vesenio*) *Fabricius Vesenio* was a Lord of the Senate, so proud of his honour and excessive wealth, that he would hardly vouchsafe to speake to any inferior person, but his Wife *Hippia* was not of his mind, for she left him and ran away with a Fencer, Satyr 6. verse 86.

Verse 222. *Praneste*) A Towne in the heart of *Italy* now called *Palastrina*.

Verse 223. The *Volscian* Cliffs) In *Latium* upon the *Campanian* Sea-coast.

Verse 224. *Gabians*) A Towne of the *Volscians* at this day called *Gallicano* or *Zaggarolo*.

Verse 224. *Tibur*) A City of the *Sabines* in *Latium*, now *Tivoli*, nineteene miles from *Rome* upon the River *Anio*, where there was a strong Fort, that notwithstanding looked as if it were falling downe.

Verse

Verſe 233. Three ſtories high) The poore *Romans*, ſuch as *Vcalegon*, dwelt in Garrets, as you may read in theſe verſes of the tenth Satyr,

Longinus *was girt therefore, by command*
From Nero, *with a Military Band,*
Seneca's *Gardens, like his riches, great:*
And the faire Lateran *buildings were beſet*
By a whole Cohort, but in that ſad time,
Seldome the Souldier did poore Garrets climbe.

Verſe 237. *Procula*) A She-dwarfe married to the Poët *Codrus* who could neither procure money, nor make friends for a Bed long enough for her.

Verſe 253. *Euphranor*) A rare Picture-drawer.

Verſe 253. *Polyclet*) An excellent Statuary.

Verſe 261. *Circus*) The great ſhow-place formerly deſcribed.

Verſe 262. *Frabraterra*) *Frabrateria* was a City in *Campania*, *Sora* a Towne neere the Mountaine now called *Monte di Selveſtro*. *Fruſino* another City of *Campania*.

Verſe 268. *Pythagoriani*) The Schollars of *Pythagoras*, who held it unlawfull to eare any thing that ever had a ſenſitive life, and therefore for the moſt part lived upon Herbes, abſtaining onely from the vegetable Beanes.

Verſe 278. Dull *Druſus*) One that was as drowſie for a man, as the Seal or ſea Calfe for a Fiſh.

Verſe 291. *Corbulo*) A wreſtler, of a Gyantly Stature.

Verſe 298. *Ligurian* Stones) Marble, hewen out of the Quarries in *Liguria* upon the *Appennine* Mountaines, betweene *France*, and *Hetruria*, now the Territories of the great Duke of *Florence*.

Verſe 308. *Charon*) The Ferryman of Hell, who carries over no ſoules under farthings a piece.

Verſe

Verſe 323. For's friend) *Patroclus*, *Achilles* his Foſter-brother, ſlaine by *Hector*.

Verſe 355. *Pontine* Fenns) Drown'd-Land of the *Volſcians*, neere the *Forum Appii*, drained (as ſome ſay) by *Julius Caſar*, a place where many robberies and murders were committed.

Verſe 355. *Gallin* Wood) A Foreſt in the Bay of *Cuma*, reſorted unto by Theeves and Out-lawes.

Verſe 368. *Aquine*) A great City in the Latin way; but by the birth of *Juvenal* farre greater in Fame, then Territory.

Verſe 369. *Elvin Ceres*) *Ceres* the Goddeſſe of huſbandry had a Temple built in honour of her by the *Aquinates*, who likewiſe in the *Minturnian* Foreſt ſacrificed to *Diana* the Goddeſſe of Hunting.

Verſe 372. Taſes) Pieces of Armes for the thighs, it ſeemes *Umbritius* aymed to weare ſomething more then Buskins, at the writing of his next Satyr.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS UPON *The fourth* Satyr *of* Juvenal.

VErse 1. *Crispinus*) The Slave mentioned in the first Satyr, verse 29. borne at *Canopus* in *Ægypt*, and for his vicesake advanced by *Domitian Cæsar* to be Master of his Horse.

Verse 7. *Forum*) About the time wherein this Satyr was written, the City of *Rome* had foure great *Forums* or *Piazzas*, 1. *Forum Romanum* or *Vetus*, wherein was the *Comitium* or Hill of Justice, the *Rostra* or Pulpits for Orations, *Saturnes* Sanctuary or the common Treasury or Chimber of *Rome*, with *Castors* Temple, and their old Exchange, 2. *Forum Julium*, built by *Julius Cæsar*, 3. *Augustum* the Structure of *Augustus Cæsar*, 4. *Transitorium* (being the passage into three of their petty *Forums* or market-places) begun by the Emperour *Domitian*, and perhaps at this time finished by *Nerva*.

Verse 9. A veyled Nun) A Vestall virgin, who upon proofe of the breach of her vow of Chastity was to be carried out of the *Collin* Gate into the *Campus Sceleratus*, or Field of execution, and there in her close Chaire to be let downe into a Vault, wherein was a Couch, a Lampe burning, and a little meate. The hole they put her in at was presently stopped up, and so this poore *Anchorite* lived and died in her grave; the reason of this kind of death and burial was, because they held it unlawfull to lay violent hands upon a Vestall, and unfit to burne her body, who had kept the sacred fire with no more sanctity.

Verse

Verſe 12. The Judge) The Emperour *Domitian*, who had adjudged *Cornelia* to be executed according to the letter of the Law made by *Numa* againſt the tranſgreſſing Veſtalls, and who ordered likewiſe, that the Adulterers ſhould be whipped to death in the *Comitium*, or Hall of Juſtice.

Verſe 13. *Titius*) *Titius*, and *Seius* are names which the Civill Lawyers uſe, as our common Lawyers do *John a Nokes* and *John a Stiles*.

Verſe 27. Six thouſand) Six thouſand *Nummi* or *Seſtertii*, a thouſand whereof make one *Seſtertium*, and a *Seſtertium* is fifteene *French* crownes, being a pound weight: whereby it appeares this Mullet coſt *Criſpinus* ſix *Seſtertia* or a hundred and fifty *French* crownes, and weighed ſix pound.

Verſe 27. Frugall and poore) This exceſſe at the Table of *Criſpinus* makes the profuſeneſſe and wealth of *Apicius* to be thought frugality and poverty, although *Apicius* was ſo exquiſite a glutton, that he writ a booke of the art of Cookery, and ſo rich, that he made all his experiments at his owne table.

Verſe 31. A Province) All countries out of *Italy* to which the *Romans* ſent a Præfect, Proconſul, or any other Governour were called Provinces.

Verſe 32. *Apulia*) That part of *Italy* now called *Puglia*.

Verſe 38. *Nilus*) The great ſeven channel'd River of *Ægypt*, to which *Criſpinus* was a neighbour borne.

Verſe 39. *Caliope*) One of the nine *Muſes*.

Verſe 41. *Pierian* Girles) The *Muſes* were called *Pierian*, from the victory they had over the nine daughters of *Pierus*, who challenged thoſe nine Goddeſſes to ſing with them, and were for that ſaucy ambition transformed into Meg-pyes, but in this place the Poet adds to their victorious epithet the title of Girles, which he takes to be a great

great complement to the Muſes, for as much as they muſt needs be old women.

Verſe 43. The laſt *Flavius*) *Domitian Caſar*, who was deſcended of the *Flavian* Family, which terminated in him.

Verſe 44. Bald *Nero*) A nick name put upon *Domitian*, who was like his coſen the Tyran: *Nero* in all things, but he wanted his head of haire.

Verſe 45. *Adriatick*) The *Adriatick* Sea parts *Italy* from *Dalmatia*, and is now called the Gulfe of *Venice*.

Verſe 46. *Greeke Aucona*) The chiefe City of *Peſa* (now *Marchia d' Ancona*) built by the *Dorick Graecians* upon the ſhoare of the *Adriatick*, and beautified with a Temple dedicated to *Venus* by the *Romans*.

Verſe 48. *Mæotis*) the dead Lake in *Scythia* (frozen over all the Winter) which receiveth the River *Tanais* that divides *Europe* from *Aſia*.

Verſe 49. *Euxine*) *Maotis* in the Summer time diſburdeneth it ſelfe South through the Straits called *Boſſporus Cimmerius* in the *Euxine* Sea, at the North whereof is another *Boſphorus* (or Strait where cattle have adventured to ſwimme over) called *Thracius*, which openeth into the *Propontis*, the South end whereof is called *Hellſpont*, from whence to the *Mediterraneum* it beares the name of the *Ægean* Sea.

Verſe 52. *Pontifex Maximus*) There was in *Rome* a Colledge of Pontifices, which were exempted from the authority of any Lay-court of Judicature, having power to heare and determine all controverſies of Religion, either betweene the Prieſts of the Gods, or private perſons; the Preſident of this Colledge was ſtiled *Pontifex Maximus*, which office and ſtile after the inauguration of the *Roman* Emperours devolved unto the Crowne.

Verſe 58. *Cæſar's* Ponds) Although Fiſhes, being *Fera natura*, are by the Civill Law any man's that can

catch them, yet if a Fish could be proved to have beene once inclosed within a Pond, though it were afterwards taken in a River, it ought to be returned to the first proprietary of it: so farre *Palfurius* and *Armillatus* had studied book-cases to follow their accusations with some colour of justice and legality.

Verse 69. Robb'd *Alba*) The City of *Alba* upon the Lake, built by *Ascanius* the sonne of *Æneas* was destroyed by King *Tullus Hostilius*, who robbed the *Alban* Temple of *Vesta*, and carried away from it *Ascanius* his Trojan fire to *Rome*, where a prodigious storme of haile-stones hapning; the *Romans* were admonished to returne the fire and suffer the Ceremonies of *Vesta* to be observed at *Alba*, though in a poorer way then at *Rome*.

Verse 75. *Atrides*) *Agamemnon*, a name which the Poet gives *Domitian*, onely because he wore a Crowne; as he gave him (a little before) the stile of *Pontifex Maximus*, not for any abilities he had to discharge that office, but onely that he could make his *Pontifica cana*, a profuse feast, which bore the title of *Pontifex*, as well as *Domitian*.

Verse 75. The *Pisan*) The Fisherman borne in *Pisa*, somewhere about the Lake of *Alba*.

Verse 78. *Genius*) The spirit of man, and the spirit or God (according to the Heathens beliefe) appointed to attend upon us from our nativities, so that any thing wherein the spirit or soule delighted was called sacred or peculiar to the *Genius*, especially Feasting and Marriage.

Verse 91. Præfects) *Pegasus*, a great Civill Lawyer (borne in *Alba* where *Domitian* now resided) was at this time *Præfectus Urbi* or Chancellor of *Rome*, all causes of what nature soever if they were within a hundred miles of *Rome*, being brought into the Præfects court; but in the time of the Tyrant *Domitian*, this great Judge stood but for

for a cipher, and to be Præfect of *Rome* was no more then to be Bayliffe of a Village.

Verſe 95. *Criſpus*) *Vibius Criſpus*, a rich ſubtile and ſmooth old-man, who kept himſelfe in favour with many Emperours of ſeverall diſpoſitions by being a willow and not an oake. He in a Progreſſe followed *Cæſars* Chariot on foot; and being a boy, when *Nero* ſaid to him, *Criſpus* haſt thou injoyed thy Siſter? he anſwered, not yet, Sir; not willing to confeſſe an untruth, nor daring to deny it, leſt the Emperour ſhould thinke himſelfe toucht, who had beene kind with his owne Siſter; when one asked him if any were within with the Emperour *Domitian*? the pleaſant old-man replyed, not ſo much as a flie Sir. It being *Domitians* cuſtome in the beginning of his Empire to be private an houre a day for thicklling of flies

Verſe 111. *Acilius*) *Acilius Glabrio*; he had ſeene his eighth Summer *Solſtice* too, being fourſcore yeare old as well as *Criſpus*, and a Noble-man likewiſe, which the Author admires as a prodigy in the reigne of thoſe Tyrants they lived under.

Verſe 112. His young ſonne) *Domitius* whom the Emperour *Domitian* (though it ſeemes he liked his Father *Acilius* well enough) could never indure, which the youth perceiving; hoped to have blinded *Domitian* as *Brutus* did *Tarquin* with a counterfeit madneſſe, which *Domitius* acted to the life, fighting naked with fierce *Aſrican* Bores before the Emperour at his Pallace in *Alba*; but nothing would ſatisfie the jealouſie *Domitian* had conceived of *Domitius* his braine, untill he had taken off his head.

Verſe 122. A bearded King) *Tarquinius Superbus* whom *Brutus* beguiled, wore his beard long, for in his time the Barbers were not come over to *Rome* from *Sicily*.

Verſe 123. *Rubrius*) *Rubrius Gallus* who in his youth committed ſome ſuch fooliſh crimes as pattrick *Nero* did, and

being come to mans estate was as bold a writer of Satyrs against others as *Nero* was.

Verse 126. *Montanus*) *Curtius Montanus* a huge fat glutton, whose belly rather then himselfe the Poet here takes notice of, but he leaves him not so, you shall find him againe in this Satyr, verse 153.

Verse 130. *Pompey*) *Pompeius Ruffus*, who though not so fine as the *Arabarch Crispinus* in his Easterne Balsome, was yet farre subtler in his whispering of accusations.

Verse 130. *Fuscus*) *Cornelius Fuscus*, who having onely heard of battailes, and meditated stratagems of warre within the marble walls of his *Villa* or country house, was sent Generall by *Domitian* against the *Scythians* of *Dacia*, where his Army was defeated, and he himselfe slaine.

Verse 133. *Veiento*) That rich and proud Senator described in my notes upon the third Satyr.

Verse 133. *Catullus*) A blind man and a bloudy informer, raised by *Domitian*, from begging at the foot of the *Aricine* hill in the *Appian* way, to be one of his Councellors of Estate; the Emperour thinking (as it seemes) that the tongue which begged so well would urge an accusation better. *Pliny* in his Epistles saith, *Domitian* used to cast *Catullus* at noble Persons, like a blind dart that will spare no man.

Verse 141. *Cilician's*) A Fencer of *Cilicia*, whose blowes and way of fighting this impudent blind man had formerly commended upon the Stage, as he did likewise the Engine (such as we have in Maskes) by which the boyes ascended to the Canvas that covered the top of the Play-house.

Verse 144. *Bellona*) *Minerva* Goddesse of warre, (Sister and Charioteer to *Mars*) whose Priests sacrificed their owne bloud to her, and immediately the so inspired

red them that they explained things preſent, and foretold the future.

Verſe 148. *Arviragus*) A King of the South *Britaines*, youngeſt ſonne to *Kymbeline*, a great oppoſer of the *Romans* in this Iſland, both in *Domitian's* reigne (when, it ſeemes, he flouriſhed) and *Claudius Caſars*, whoſe daughter *Geniſſa* (if we may beleeve our *Britiſh* Hiſtorians that he had ſuch a one) our *Arviragus* married.

Verſe 157. *Prometheus*) That inimitable Potter who was carried to Heaven by *Minerva*, being much taken with his wit, where he made further demonſtration of it by ſtealing fire from the Suns Coach wheeles, wherewith he inanimated his man of clay.

Verſe 163. *Falerne* Wine) The Grapes growing upon the *Falerne* Mountaines in *Campania*, made a rare Wine in *Juvenal's* time, as you may ſee by his frequent uſe of the word *Falerne*, and it is, even at this day, the abſolute beſt Wine in *Italy*, as they ſay that have met with it where it is pure, which is only in the Cardinals or ſome great Princes Cellar.

Verſe 165. *Lucrin* Rocks or *Circe's*) The *Lucrin* Rocks were in *Campania* in the Bay of *Lucrinum*; the Rocks of *Circe* were neere unto *Cajeta*, where was a Chappell dedicated to *Circe*, and a Mountaine that likewiſe bore her name.

Verſe 166. *Richborough*) In *Kent*.

Verſe 174. *Sicambri*) The people of *Gelderland* betweene the Rivers of *Moſa* and the *Rhene*.

Verſe 174. *Catti*) *Germans* now called *Haſſi*; againſt whom *Domitian* made one voluntary expedition, as he did another of neceſſity againſt the *Scythians* of *Dacia*, where his whole Legion was overthrowne, and the Generall *Fuſcus* ſlaine.

Verſe 176. Flying Poſts) Some have ſuppoſed he meant Letters brought by Carryer-Pidgeons, but he calls them not flying Poſts either for ſpeed of bird or man, but becauſe in Packets of Overthrowes or Inſurrections the *Romans* uſed to ſtick a Feather, in Expreſſes of Victory a Lawrell.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS
UPON
The fifth Satyr *of* Juvenal.

VErſe 5. *Galba*) *Aſpitius Galba*, a rare Buffon that lived in *Tiberius Cæſars* time, you ſhall heare of him often in the Poet *Martial*.

Verſe 5. *Sarmentus*) A Jeſter recorded by *Horace* in his fifth Satyr, where he deſcribes his ſcuffle with *Meſſius Cicerrus*. This *Sarmentus*, notwithſtanding that he was continually abuſed at *Auguſtus Cæſars* table, ſtill put himſelfe upon the Emperour, and at length became very gracious with him.

Verſe 19. On's third Bed) In the *Triclinium* or dining roome there was a table in the fathion of a halfe Moone or Hemicycle, againſt the round part whereof they ſet three beds, every one containing three perſons, and at extraordinary times foure; the Hemicycle being left for the waiters.

Verſe 23. Saluting Rivalls) The reſt of the Clients that uſed to come and bid good morrow to thoſe on whom they depended, at day-breake if not before, as you may ſee by this deſcription of *Charles waine* turning about the Pole.

Verſe 29. *Cybel's* Prieſts) Who were maſters of the *Gullo*, and therefore likely to quarrell at the Table.

Verſe 33. Libertines) A Libertine originally was the iſſue of a freed-man and a freed-woman, but after the Cenſor-ſhip of *Appius Cæcus*, *Liberti* and *Libertini* were both taken for freed-men, and *Ingenui* for their children or free-borne perſons.

Verſe

Verse 34. Pots of *Saguntum*) Earthen Pots made at *Saguntum* in *Spaine*.

Verse 35. Th'unshorne Consuls) When the Consuls were bearded like their Kings, as before in the fourth Satyr.

Verse 39. The *Alban*) The *Alban* hills bore (as *Pliny* saies) an excellent sweet Grape.

Verse 39. *Setine* Hills) The *Setine* Wine was preferred by *Augustus Cæsar* and by *Juvenal*, *regis ad exemplum*, as you may read Sat. 10. in these verses,

Then feare thy life when prest on Setine *Wine*
Strives the gold bowle and sparkling stones t'outshine.

Verse 41. The *Romans* dated the wine-vessells which they intended to keep, from the yeare of the foundation of *Rome*.

Verse 42. *Thraseas* and *Helvidius*) *Thraseas Paetus* and his Father-in-law *Helvidius Priscus* would as gladly have adventured their lives to have freed *Rome* from the tyranny of *Nero*, as *D. Junius Brutus* ventured his to free *Rome* of *Tarquin*, or *M. Brutus* and *Cassius* theirs for delivering *Rome* from the incroachment of *J. Cæsar*; *Thraseas*, because he would not flatter *Nero* in the murther of his mother *Agrippina*, being by the Ministers of State accused of Treason, would not make his defence, but offered his veines to be cut, and turning to his friends, sayd, We sacrifice this bloud to *Jove* the infranchiser; *Helvidius Priscus* was banished *Italy* by *Nero*, after whose death he was repealed by *Galba*.

Verse 43. Drank crown'd) When the *Romans* indulged or sacrificed to the *Genius* (which was, as aforesaid, either at the Nativities or Marriages of themselves, or those they honoured) it was their custome to crowne their heads with cooling flowers to allay the heat of the wine, and by binding of them forehead to suppresse the fumes ascending from it.

Verse

Verſe 46. Beril) A precious ſtone often mentioned in the ſacred Scriptures; that it was the faſhion in *Juvenals* time to ſet the bowles they dranke in with rich ſtones, appeares by this place and thoſe verſes laſt quoated out of the tenth Satyr.

Verſe 53. The Youth) *Æneas* (prefer'd by *Dido* before *Hiarbas*) who had ſome eminent part of his ſword ſet with Jaſpers, like ſo many Starrs, as *Virgil* deſcribes him in the fourth booke of his *Æneids*.

——*ſtellatus Jaſpide fulvâ*
Enſis erat.——

Verſe 56. *Beneventin* Cobler) An ill-favoured Glaſſe called by the name of *Vatinius* the drunken Cobler of *Beneventum*, who had a noſe (if we may believe the Epigrammatiſt Martial) longer then his monumental Glaſſe-noſe.

Verſe 63. *Getulian* Boore) *a Negro* of *Getulia* in *Africa*.

Verſe 67. *Aſia*) One of the foure parts of the earth, ſevered from *Africa* by the red Sea and the Ægyptian *Iſthmus*, but farther diſtant in the degree of complexion then of Climate, the *Africans* looking like Devils, the *Aſians* like Angels.

Verſe 69. *Tullus*) *Tullus Hoſtilius* the third King of *Rome*, who conquered *Alba*, and carried away the Veſtall fire to *Rome*, robbing her Altar at *Alba*, as you read in Sat. 4. verſe 69. he was of a more ſtirring nature then *Romulus*, and leſt the people ſhould grow effeminate with peace, took occaſion (as *Livy* notes) to quarrell with his neighbours.

Verſe 69. Warlike *Ancus*) The fourth King of *Rome*, who for his wiſdome to direct, and courage to execute, was Surnamed the Martiall, he was the firſt that ever made a Priſon in *Rome*; to which one Priſon there was

no

no numerall addition during the Reignes of the three Kings that succeeded him, nore long while after, as you see in Sat. 3. verse 364.

Verse 72. *Getulian Ganymed*) *Ganymed* was a lovely boy, sonne to *Tros* the King of *Troy*, and Cup-bearer to *Jove*, but this *Negro*, this *Getulian Ganymed* might have beene a Cup-bearer to *Pluto*.

Verse 87. Remember) 'Tis the speech of a proud Servant waiting at the Table replyed to (in the next verse but one) by the poore upbraided Client.

Verse 90. *Esquiline* Mount) Where many Patricians had houses, as I have formerly noted Sat. 3.

Verse 98. A Supper for the dead) The *Romans* used to bring to an urne or monument of the dead, a little milke, honey, wine, water, and an olive, supper enough for a spirit.

Verse 99. *Venafrian* Oyle) The purest Oyle of *Campania*.

Verse 101. *Micipsa*) *Micipsa* is the name of a *Numidian* king, successour to *Masinissa*; *Bochar* the name of an Ægyptian king. It seemes the oyle that came from those parts, and which those country-men nointed with when they bathed, was such abominable stuffe, as the very *African* Serpents would not indure the smell of it.

Verse 105. *Corsica*) An Island in the *Tyrrhene* Sea called *Cyrnos* by the *Greekes*.

Verse 106. *Tauromenian* Rocks) The Sea coast neer *Tauromenium* in *Sicily*.

Verse 111. *Lena*) One that bought up the rarities of the Market to present his childlesse friends; a complement in fashion with the *Romans*, as you may read in Sat. 6. verse 42.

Verse 112. *Aurelia*) A rich childlesse woman, to whom these *Lenasses* brought so many dainties more then she could spend in her house, that she served the Market with them againe.

Verse

Verſe 113. The Straits) The dangerous paſſage betwixt *Scylla* and *Charibdis*.

Verſe 130. *Suburra)* The faireſt Street of *Rome* (as I have noted in the beginning of Sat. 3.) under whoſe ſtately buildings the common-ſhoare paſſed into the River *Tiber*.

Verſe 122. *Seneca)* Tutor to *Nero*, the moſt rich and moſt learned *Roman* of his time; and in my opinion there needs no greater teſtimony then the honourable mention here made of him, to prove all impeachments of ſordid thrift wherewith he ſtands charged to be falſe and ſcandalous.

Verſe 122. *Piſo)* *C. Piſo Calſurnius*, that ſo gallant man in his munificence both to friends and ſtrangers, who was (as *Tacitus* affirmes) adopted by *Galba* for his ſucceſſor in the Empire.

Verſe 122. *Cotta)* *Aurelius Cotta* a liberall-minded Noble-man, that likewiſe lived in *Nero*'s time.

Verſe 132. *Meleager)* See the fable of *Meleager* in the Metamorphoſis, where he kills the fatall *Calydonian* Boare, ſent to execute the wrath of *Diana* upon the country of his father *Oeneus*.

Verſe 135. Spring time) The beſt Muſhrooms grow in in *Africa*, in the Spring of the year, immediately after thunder, which though it blaſt the Corne, is notwithſtanding wiſhed for by ſuch as *Alliedus*, who had rather have the *Lybians* to ſend their Muſhrooms then their Corne.

Verſe 145. *Cacus)* The *Aventine* Shepherd that ſtole the Oxen from *Hercules*, and to keepe himſelfe from being tracked by the Beaſts feet, dragged them by the tayles into his Den; but *Hercules* (finding them out by their bellowing) ſerved *Cacus* as he had done his Cattell, drew him out by the heeles and knocked out his braines. See *Ovid* upon this fable in his Metamorphoſis, and *Virgil* in his Æneids.

Verſe

Verſe 163. Young *Æneas)* The Author alludes to Queene *Dido* in *Virgil's* Æneads, and tells the Client *Trebius*, that although he ſhould grow rich, and ſo come to have a Court as *Dido* had, yet (if he meane that his Patron *Virro* ſhall be one of his Courtiers) he muſt not wiſh, as ſhe did, to have a young *Æneas*; notwithſtanding if *Virro's* wife *Mygale* ſhould bring him three young *Æneaſes*; *Virro* would make much of them all, as he did of their father, and for the above-named conſideration, ſaid

Oh money! he this honour doth to thee;
Tis Virro and thy ſelfe that brothers bee.

Verſe 175. *Claudius)* *Claudius Cæſar* loved Muſhromes exceſſively, which *Locuſta* perceiving, ſhe taught the Empreſſe *Agrippina* to poyſon one of them, which diſpatched the old man to Heaven downewards, as you ſhall read in Sat. 6. verſe 664.

Verſe 180. *Heſperides)* *Atlas* king of *Mauritania* (ſo the fable goes) had an Orchard, wherein were trees that bore golden Apples, which he beſtowed upon the *Heſperides*, the daughters of his brother *Heſperus*, *Ægle*, *Arethuſa* and *Hyperthuſa*, truſting both them and the fruit to the guard of a watchfull Dragon which *Hercules* ſlew, and carried away the golden Apples into *Greece*.

Verſe 194. *Hetrurian* bubbles) King *Tullus Hoſtilius* firſt brought the faſhion to *Rome* out of *Hetruria* (now the Dutchy of *Florence*) for Noble-mens children to weare golden Bubbles.

Verſe 196. Leathern thongs) The children of Libertines or Freed-men wore a leathern thong or cord tied on a knot.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS
UPON
The ſixth Satyr *of* Juvenal.

VErſe 1. When *Saturne* reigned) In the infancy of the world, that for it's vertuous ſimplicity merited the title of the Golden Age.

Verſe 3. *Lar*) The God of the Family, figured in the ſhape of a Dogge, whoſe Temple was the Houſe, the ſmoake his incenſe, and his Altar the Chimney.

Verſe 5. Mountaine Wife) That dwelt in the Mountaine before ſuch time as men although they themſelves came downe durſt bring their Wifes into the Levell.

Verſe 7. *Cynthia*) Miſtreſſe to the Poet *Propertius*.

Verſe 7. Nos her) *Lesbia*, miſtreſſe to *Catullus*, who writ a handſome funerall Elegy upon the death of her beloved ſparrow.

Verſe 10. Great Child) Ere the debaucheries of Parents had leſſened the ſtatures of their children.

Verſe 12. Th'Oakes rupture) Before men built houſes, they lodged a-nights in hollow trees, which occaſioned the Fable, that Trees were delivered of the firſt men.

Verſe 13. Had no Parents) Whoſe vices they might inherite.

Verſe 15. E're *Jove* had a Beard) In the Silver Age, ſo named, becauſe it did participate more of Earth, and conſequently of ruſt and corruption, then that of Gold; but the pureſt of this Silver Age was e're *Jove* had doune

growing

growing upon his chinne, for then the Metamorphosis will tell you what prankes he played among the women.

Verse 26. To sweare by others heads) The common forme of an Oath among the *Gracians* was, by another's head.

Verse 29. *Astræa*) *Justice*, she and *Chastity* were twins, and as they came together into the virtuous world, so they together left the wicked earth.

Verse 25. Motion'st thou) *Ursidius Posthumus*.

Verse 27. Thy Pledge) Upon the very marriage day in the morning it was the custome for the Bridegroome as a Pledge of his never-ending faith to send his Bride a Ring. *Macrob. lib.* 7. which she wore upon her middle-finger, because an artery reaches from the heart to that finger, and therefore the Ancients thought fit onely that finger should be crowned in marriage.

Verse 32. *Æmilian* Bridge) *Æmilius Scaurus* (as aforesaid) built this Bridge over the River *Tiber*, in the *Flaminian* way, a mile from *Rome*.

Verse 41. *Julian* Law) Which (as I have noted) forbid Adultery upon paine of death, a Law that *Ursidius Posthumus* desires may be in force, now that he intends to marry and live honest.

Verse 42. Loose those gifts) Such as hoped to be Heires to childlesse persons used as I have noted, Sat. 4. to present them what rarities the Shambles afforded.

Verse 47. *Latinus* Chest) *Latinius* the Comedian played the lover to an Adulteresse that upon her Husband's unexpected returne locks him up in a Chest, this part (it seemes) *Ursidius* had acted in earnest.

Verse 50. *Tarpeian Jove*) *Jupiter* had a Temple in the *Tarpeian* Mount, whence he derived the title of *Tarpeian Jove*; when the foundation of this Temple was digged the Worke-men found the head of one *Tolus* which gave

gave the whole Mount the name of the *Capitol*.

Verſe 51. His firſt Love) *Juno*, the Patroneſſe of the chaſt, and implacable perſecutreſſe of immodeſt Women, to whom *Urſidius Poſthumus* could not offer leſſe then a gilded ſacrifice, if ſhe had cleered the towne of Wenches juſt when he was to marry.

Verſe 53. *Ceres*) The Goddeſſe of Husbandry, whoſe Votreſſes none but chaſt women durſt preſume to be.

Verſe 54. Crowne thy doores) On the wedding day the doores and doore-poſts of ordinary perſons were crowned with flowers, and wreathed about with Ivy, which likewiſe covered over the threſholds. But perſons of honour had wreaths of Baves inſtead of Ivy, and builded Scaffolds in the Streets for the Towne to behold the ſolemnity of the marriage, as you may read in this Satyr, verſe 83.

Verſe 56. *Iberina*) *Urſidius* his Bird that was to be.

Verſe 66. *Bathyllus*) A Player that imitated the wanton *mien* of the Courtezan *Lada* with whoſe poſtures the City-Ladyes *Thuſcia* and *Appula* were much taken.

Verſe 71. The *Forum*) The *Forum Romanum* or the old *Piazza*, where the Hall of Juſtice ſtood, &c.

Verſe 72. In *Cybel*'s Feaſts) The *Megaleſian* Games were ſacred to *Cybele*, or *magna mater*, they began on the fourth day of *April*, and continued ſix dayes after, during which time common Stage-playes were prohibited. *M. Junius Brutus* dedicated theſe ſports to the Mother of the Gods.

Verſe 73. *Thyrſe*) A Speare (wreathed about with vine-leaves and grapes proper to *Bacchus*) which the Player *Accius* uſed to carry in his hand.

Verſe 74. *Autonoe*'s Mad-Jigge) *Autonoe* (the daughter to *Cadmus*, and mother to *Actæon*) of whom ſome

Attellan

Attelan or ridiculous jeering rimes were made, that uſed to be ſung upon the Stage after the acting of a Tragedy to make the ſpectatours merry againe; for rehearſing of this Jigge the poore beggarly *Ælia* falls in love with the Player *Vrbicus*.

Verſe 79. *Quintilian*) *Fabius Quintilianus* that famous Rhetorician; could it be expected ſuch women could love ſo grave a man? no ſurely, rather a Fidler, or a Piper, as followes.

Verſe 83. Solemne Bayes) Perſons of honour at their nuptialls in the place of common Ivy uſed to trimme their Gates with Bayes.

Verſe 84. *Lentulus*) The Poet would be thought to ſpeake to ſome noble *Roman* of this name.

Verſe 86. *Hippias*) Wife to the rich Lord of the Senate (ſo often named) *Fabricius Veiento*.

Verſe 89. *Pharos*) An Iſland in *Ægypt*, right againſt *Alexandria*.

Verſe 89. *Lagus* his lewd Towne) *Alexandria* where *Lagus* (the father of *Cleopatra* and *Ptolomy*) kept his Court.

Verſe 89. *Nilus*) The principall River of *Ægypt*, wherein *Canopus* was the moſt debatich'd Towne.

Verſe 95. *Paris*) A handſome young Actor in favour with the Emperour *Domitian*, which he made uſe of (as you may read in the Authours life) to baniſh *Juvenal*; and at laſt was himſelfe put to death by his maſter *Domitian* for acting a Lovers part with the Empreſſe.

Verſe 100. *Tyrrhene* Waves) That part of the *Mediterranean* Sea lying under *Italy* (therefore called *Mare inferum*) betweene *Corſica* and *Sicilia*. Th'*Ionian* is part of the *Mediterranean* above the Straites of the *Adriaticke*, betwixt *Sicily* and *Creete*, through both which they muſt needs paſſe that ſayle from *Rome* to *Ægypt*.

Verſe 113. To ſhave his throate) That is, he began

to

to grow somewhat ancient, and was shaved to appeare young in the eye of his Mistresse.

Verse 118. This makes *Hyacinthi*) *Hyacinthus* was *Apollo's* favourite, unluckily slaine by the God, as he was throwing of the Iron bowle, and afterwards by the same power that killed him revived into a purple flower that beares his name *Hyacinth*.

Verse 124. When his Wife) *Messalina*, who when her old Husband *Claudius Cæsar* was fast asleepe, went to the common Stewes disguised in a red Perwigge, which was *ala mode* with the *Roman* Prostitutes, as it was likewise to weare gold Chaines about their necks.

Verse 131. *Lycisca*) A wench in great request, whose name was chalked upon the Chamber-doore where *Messalina* entertained all comers.

Verse 132. High-borne *Britannicus*) *Messalina's* son, whom the Poet stiles high-borne, with the same scorne that towards the end of this Satyr, he sayes his supposed father *Claudius Cæsar* descended into Heaven.

Verse 162. Canusian breed) *Canusium* is a Towne in *Apulia*, where they had the best Sheep and finest Woull of *Italy*.

Verse 163. *Falerne* Vine-yards) The purest *Italian* Wine grew upon the *Falerne* Mountaines, as I have noted in Sat. 3.

Verse 170. *Berenice*) Sister to *Herodes Agrippa* king of *Judea*, who lived in incest with her, *Josepb. lib.* 20.

Verse 179. Peace-making *Sabines*) The chast *Sabine* women, that coming to *Rome* to see the solemnity of the *Consualia* were forcibly detained, and married by the primitive *Romans*, that could get no Wives among their neighbours by treaty, as aforesaid; but a warre growing about it betwixt *Tatius* and *Romulus*, these *Sabine* women, with their hayre scattered about their shoulders (as at a Funerall) came betwixt the Armies, bearing their

young children in their armes, and made a peace betweene their fathers and their husbands.

Verse 181. A *Venusine* mayde) *Venusium* was a miserable poore Towne betwixt *Apulia* and *Lucania*, where none liued but almost Sauage people.

Verse 182. *Cornelia*) Mother to those two (formerly named) valiant, but mutinous Tribunes, *Caius* and *Tiberius Gracchus*, and daughter to *Scipio Africanus*, who conquered *Hannibal* and *Syphax* king of *Numidia*, and brought *Carthage* into subiection.

Verse 188. *Amphion*) Sonne to *Iupiter* and *Antiope*, he married *Niobe* the daughter of *Tantalus*, by whom he had fourteene sonnes and seuen daughters; *Niobe* proud of her birth, marriage, and fruitfulnesse scorned the *Thebane* Matrons for sacrificeing to *Latona* that had but two children; but those two *Apollo* and *Diana*, sensible of this affront offered to their mother, in one day shot to death all *Niobe*'s numerous Issue, not sparing her husband, she her selfe weeping her self into a Stone-fountain, who had boasted her wombe to be fruitfuller then the white Sow that had thirty sucking on her at once, as *Virgil* tells you.

Verse 203. Till she her *Thuscan*) Till she hath changed her *Thuscan* or *Italian* mother-tongue into *Greeke*; nay, her barbarous dialect of *Salmo* into pure *Greek* of *Athens*.

Verse 213. *Hamus*) A smooth-tongued *Greeke* Comedian mentioned in Sat. 3. one of whose fellow Actours *Carpophorus* was.

Verse 220. *Dacian* and *German Caesar*) *Domitian*'s picture in gold (or rather a coine of *Trajan*, who deserued those stiles) about the Ring whereof was engraven *Dacian* and *German Caesar*, such were usually presented by the Bride-groome in a piece of Massy plate to the Bride after his first night's lodging.

Verse 240. Hemed veyle) The Bride wore a red or blush-coloured veyle (some say a yellow) to put her in mind,

mind, that shee ought to preserve what shee then covered the blushes of a Bride.

Verse 255. *Manilia*) *Manilia* was that subtile Courtezan, who being accused to the Senate by *Hostilius Mancinus*, then the *Edile Curule*, for having by night wounded him with a stone, she appealed to the Tribunes and pleaded, that he would violently have entered her house at an unseasonable houre, and was beat back with stones. No mervaile my Author uses her name for a shi:-wrangler in the Law.

Verse 258. *Celsus*) *Iunius Celsus* the Orator, who writ seven bookes of Rhetoricall Institutions.

Verse 269. *Tyrian* Cassocks) The *Roman* Fencers were bound to play their Prizes in Cassocks dyed in purple of *Tyre*: this fashion the wanton dames of *Rome* brought up, noynting themselves with oyle and clay, exercising and training like the *Tyrones* or young Soldiers in *Campo Martio*.

Verse 263. *Floralll* Trumpets) The like to these women having never beene knowne but in the games dedicated to the Goddesse *Flora*, where the wenches danced naked along the Streets with Trumpets before them.

Verse 279. Great *Lepidus*) *Æmilius Lepidus* the Censour, that good man, who dying enjoyned his Sonnes to cast a linnen Cloath over his body, and so to carry it upon the bed he dyed on to the Pile to be burned, without imbalming, purples, trumpets, waxen Images, common mourners, or any other funerall pomp at all.

Verse 280. Blind *Metellus*) The Censour and *Pontifex Maximus*, who lost his eyes, as aforesaid, with saving the image of *Minerva* when her Temple was on fire.

Verse 280. Spend-thrift *Fabius*) Sonne to *Fabius Maximus*, who in his youth spent his Estate, and was thence surnamed the Gulfe or (as our word is) the Spend-thrift, but afterwards he became the patterne of frugality, abstinence, and all vertues.

Verse 282. *Asylax*) A Sword-player,

Verse 296. We are dumbe) *Quintilian's* Answer.

Verse 303. *Lerna*) A Lake neere *Argos*, where the many-headed Serpent *Hydra* (slaine by *Hercules*) was ingendred.

Verse 313. *Rhodes*) *Rhodes* is an Island in *Lycia*, *Homer's* birth-place. *Malta* an Island in the *Sicilian* Sea. *Sybaris* a towne situated betwixt the Rivers *Crathis* and *Sibaris*, strangely given to luxury and filthinesse; note the proverb, *A Sybaritick Sow*. *Tarentum* a towne of *Apulia*, (sometimes the chiefe City of *Calabria*) famous for the Tarantula, whose sting makes a man die laughing.

Verse 326. Chastity's old Altar) They are not pleased with all the variations of wantonnesse, unlesse they show their spight to, and contempt of the Goddesse of Chastity, at her antiquated and neglected Altars.

Verse 333. The Goddesse *Bona's* secrets) where no man ought to be present, as I have noted in Sat. 2.

Verse 336. *Priapum Bacchides*) The wild women that used to sacrifice to *Bacchus*, are now come (it seemes) to offer to *Priapus*.

Verse 344. Cold *Priam*) Who was so old that nothing could put heate into him, but the setting of his *Troy* on fire, or such a sight as this.

Verse 344. *Hernia*) A rupture which *Nestor* had that spoyled his courtshippe.

Verse 354. A shr: finger) *Clodius*, who came disguised like a singing woman to *Cæsar's* wife as she was sacrificeing to the Goddesse *Bona*, where males were not permitted to be present so much as in Picture, *vid.* Sat. 2. he was discovered by *Aurelia Cæsar's* mother.

Verse 361. *Cæsar's Anti-cato*) *Cæsar* writ two books titled *Anti-Catones* (in opposition to *Cicero's* booke called *Cato*) which were rolled up in the forme of a Cylinder.

Verse 361. Earthen) King *Numa*, that taught the *Romans* their sacred Ceremonies, made use of earthen sacrificeing vessells moulded at the *Vatican*, which were never

never ſo prophaned as the veſſells of Gold have beene.

Verſe 368. Tall *Syrian*'s Shoulders) Theſe *Syrians* were men of as huge bulke as the moderne *Switzers*, kept by the Ladies of *Rome*, as thoſe now are, for their Chayre-beaters or Sedan-men.

Verſe 369. *Opulnia*) A wanton of a poore fortune.

Verſe 393. With *Bacchus*) Thoſe vaſt ſtatues of *Bacchus* and *Priapus*, Gods of the Vines and Hony-yards.

Verſe 398. To th' Prætors) The Prætors were by their office to ſet forth publike Playes and Games, and to hire Muſicke and voices to delight the Spectatours.

Verſe 403. The *Lamian* houſe) A great Family in *Rome*, whoſe founder is by *Horace* called the antient *Lamus*.

Verſe 404. *Veſta* and *Janus*) *Veſta* and *Janus* were two of the principall Deities worſhipped by the *Romans*, who offered to them barley Cakes and Wine, which with a Lambe made a compleat ſacrifice.

Verſe 405. *Pollio*) A mercenary Luteniſt.

Verſe 406. An oaken wreath) An oaken wreath given to him that was adjudged the beſt Muſician in the *Capitoline* Games inſtituted by *Domitian Cæſar*.

Verſe 411. Her face to veyle) The ſacrificer uſed to ſtand veyled and repeat the Prieſt's words.

Verſe 412. She look'd pale) For feare there ſhould be ſome unlucky ſignes that made againſt her Muſician.

Verſe 413. Old God) *Janus* was ſo old a God that the antients called him *Chaos*.

Verſe 415. For Buskins, ſhe for Socks) Great Ladies, come in perſon to make offerings for Tragedians that act in Buskins, and Comedians that play in Socks.

Verſe 416. Th' *Aruſpex*) The *Aruſpex*, that prophecies by inſpection made into the entrailes of beaſts, is now in danger of growing crooked with ſtooping to the ſacrifices made for Fidlers and Players.

Verſe 429. *Niphates*) A River of *Armenia*.

Verſe 442. Two Leaden Balls) Thoſe that would ſweat before they bathed ſwung with two leaden Balls, in each hand one, and then were nointed.

Verſe 466. The labouring Moone) The *Romans* believed that they brought helpe to the Moone labouring in her Eclipſe, when they ſounded Trumpets, and rung braſſe-baſons, or kettles, &c.

Verſe 469. *Sylvanus*) God of the Groves and Cattle; whom the Philoſophers, and any Man ſacrificed to, but no Woman.

Verſe 470. A Farthing) Schollars payed no more but farthings a piece for their Bath, which *Horace* objects to a Stoicke that bragg'd he was a king.

Verſe 472. *Enthymem*) An imperfect Syllogiſme wanting one propoſition.

Verſe 475. *Palæmon*) *Remmius palæmon* was a ſingular good Grammarian, but ſo proud of it, that he ſaid learning was borne, and would dye with him; he was Tutour to *M. Fabius Quintilian*, and uſed to call that learned *Roman M. Varro* a letter'd hogge. He bragg'd that *Virgil* in his Bucolicks prophecied of him as the onely competent Judge of all Orators and Poets, and ſaid, that being taken by Thieves, as ſoone as he named himſelf they ſet him at liberty. But poverty was not ſo kind as thoſe Thieves, for when ſhe caught him (after all his coſtly Baths and Suppers) ſhe never let him go.

Verſe 486. *Poppæa*) *Nero's* Empreſſe, ſhe invented a rare Pomatum, and was ſo elegant, ſo carefull to preſerve her beauty, that when ſhe was baniſhed *Rome* ſhe carried fifteene ſhe-Aſſes a-long with her for their milke to waſh her ſelfe in.

Verſe 495. Like *Poppæa*) And ſo be forced to imitate baniſhed *Poppæa* in her fortune, as ſhe ſtrived to doe in her art.

Verſe

Verse 511. A *Sicilian* Court) In the Reignes of *Sicily*'s cruellest Tyrants, *Phalaris* and the *Dionysis*.

Verse 514. *Isis* fane). The Temple of *Isis* or *Io* in *Rome* was the place where the Bawdes waited to make their matches. *Ovid. Multas* Io *facit, quod fuit illa* Iovis *Io* makes many what she was to *Iove*.

Verse 515. *Psecas*) The waiting gentlewoman or dresser.

Verse 522. The Matron of the wheele) Who being now grown aged, her Lady spares her old eyes from needle-worke and puts her to spinning.

Verse 530. *Andromache*) *Hector*'s tall Wife.

Verse 540. *Bellona*) *Minerva*, or *Pallas*, the Goddesse of warre, whose Priests were a kind of mad men.

Verse 540. *Cybel*) *Cybele* (or rather *Cybelle*) being an Infant was exposed upon the mountaine *Cybellus*, where she was found and bred up by a Shepherds wife, and call'd by the name of the Mountaine; she was the first among the *Greekes* that used the Taber and Pipe, and played upon the Cymballs: for her love to children she was stiled *magna mater*, and *mater Deorum*, the great mother, and mother of the Gods. Her Priests were gelt with a fish-shell, and called *Galli* and *Phrygi*; her chiefe Priest *Archigallus* from *Gallus* a River in *Phrygia* of which he that dranke presently ran mad, and gelt himselfe; which was the punishment that *Cybelle* inflicted upon her beloved *Atys* her first Priest for breaking his vow of chastity made unto her, and deflowring of a Nymph; a crew of her Priests went dauncing about the streets from house to house with Tabers and Pipes and Cymballs, begging and cheating the superstitious women, whence they were called *Cybel*'s collectours, or *Circulator*'s juglers, and any notorious debaucht knave *Circulator Cybellitius*. It was not lawfull for a free-borne *Roman* to be one of these.

Verse 553. *Tarquin's* Fields) (*Campus Martius* or *Tiberinus* (because it was neere the River *Tiber*) was given to the people of *Rome*, as aforesaid, by *Caius Tarquin* a Vestall virgin; these fields *Tarquin* the Proud converted to his owne use, and caused them to be sowed with corne, but after his expulsion by *Brutus* the fields were restored to their former martiall use, and the croppe threwne into the river, it being thought unfit, that any one should make a benefit of ground dedicated to the Gods.

Verse 554. White *Io*) *Io* (daughter to *Inachus*) ravished by *Iove*, suspected by *Iuno*, was by her all-powerfull Servant transformed into a white Cow, and even in that shape begged by his jealous Goddesse and given in charge to the hundred-eyed *Argus*; but upon a pacification betwixt *Iupiter* and *Iuno*, *Io* was restored to her beauty, received among the celestials as a Goddesse by the name of *Isis*, and worshipped by the *Ægyptians* as their Patroness. She had a Temple in *Rome*, a vertuous place, as I have formerly noted, the Mart of Bawdes and Pandars.

Verse 555. *Meroe*) Some thinke *Meroe* to be a City of *Ægypt*, others an Island of *Nilus* in *Æthiopia*.

Verse 557. To'old Sheep-coate) *Romulus* his old Palace, neere unto which stood the above mention'd Temple of *Isis*.

Verse 560. Her darling Priest) The Priest of *Isis* at *Rome*.

Verse 562. *Anubis*) Sonne to *Osyris* and *Io* or *Isis*, worshipped in the forme of a dogge, because in his scutcheon he bore a dogge, as his brother *Macedo* did a wolfe; after this dogge the *Roman* people went crying and howling as following him (after the *Ægyptian* custome) in search of his father *Osyris*, who being King of *Ægypt* was drowned in a Well, and mourned for with this ceremony. *Osyris* was adored in the forme of an oxe, and called *Apis*, which is in their language an oxe, his offering was hay,

which

which, if he tooke it, betokened prosperous successe, but if he refused it portended evill fortune.

Verse 566. (Silver Snake) That silver Snake which in the Temple of *Isis* and *Osyris* twined it selfe about the images of the dogge and woolfe.

Verse 571. The poore she-*Iew*) Who durst not come a begging publikely, because she was an alien; but especially because she begged in the name of one God, and not of the Gods of *Rome*.

Verse 578. *Commagenian*) The *Commagenian*, or *Syrian*, and the *Armenian* Soothsayers divine of the future by making inspection into the entrailes of pidgeons, chickens and doggs, sometimes of children; which crime when they had committed, they played the informers, and left their good Dames to the penalty of the law.

Verse 582. *Chaldean*) The *Chaldeans* (as you may see in *Diodorus* and *Cicero*) were famous in *Syria* for their skill in Astrology.

Verse 583. *Iove's* secret Springs) Scoptically spoken, as if the Astrologers were inspired by *Iupiter* to supply the defect of *Apollo's* Oracle at *Delphos*, which was silenced at the birth of our Saviour *Christ*.

Verse 586. Th'oftest Exile's chiefe) That Astrologer is esteem'd in the superlative by the Ladyes that hath beene oftest banish for predictions ominous to great persons, and repealed upon the accomplishment of his prophecies such a one as he that promised *Otho* that he should succeed *Galba* in the Empire.

Verse 587. *Otho's* great Rivall) *Galba*.

Verse 589. A Prisoner) The Astrologers were kept prisoners in the Campe till such time as the victory was wonne, or the day lost, contrary or according to their vaticination.

Verse 593. *Seryphos*) To the *Cyclades*, Ilands in the *Ægean* Sea, the *Romans* confined such persons as were

banished

banished for hainous crimes, as aforesaid, the least and barrenest of which Islands was *Seryphus*.

Verse 595. Thy *Tanaquil*) *Tanaquil* was Queene to *Tarquinius Priscus*, she was much addicted to the study of Astrology and the Mathematicks.

Verse 600. *Saturne*'s frownes) *Saturne* is the sullenest, most cold, and malignant Planet; *Venus* the sweetest, most benigne, and fortunate, especially in conjunction.

Verse 605. *Ephemerides*) A Scheme shewing the motions and Aspects of the Planets every hour of the day.

Verse 609. *Thrasyllus*) A Platonist, and an excellent Mathematician in great esteeme with *Tiberius Cæsar*.

Verse 615. *Potosyris*) A famous *Ægyptian* Astrologer, as *Pliny* and *Suidas* testifie.

Verse 623. *Phrygian* Augurs) *Cicero* 1. *de divinatione* tells us, that the *Phrygians*, *Cilicians*, and *Arabians* were very skilfull Augurs, or Diviners by the flights of birds.

Verse 623. Gymnosophists) *Indian* Philosophers.

Verse 624. Patricians) The Nobility of *Rome*.

Verse 625. Heavn's winged fire) The lightning, which was watcht by certaine old Priests appointed for that purpose; and where the thunder was supposed to fall, the place was purified by sacrificing a paire of young Heifers, and being called Bidental (of the *Bidentes* or Heifers) was for a certaine time hedged about.

Verse 626. *Plebeian*) The Common sort of *Roman* people.

Verse 626. *Circus*) The great shew-place formerly described.

Verse Th'*Ovall* Tower) A wooden Tower of the forme of an Egge built by *Agrippa* for the Judges of the *Circensian* Games to view the course; this Tower was supported with pillars cut in the figures of Dolphines, before which upon a Mount stood a Prostitute drest up as the Poet describes her, who told poore women their fortunes.

Verse

Verse 642. Before thou break'st thy fast) The *Romans* held it ominous to see a Blackamoore next their hearts in a morning.

Verse 643. The foule Lake) The *Velabrian* Lake, where the fruitfull poor women used to expose their children, & the barren rich women to take them up, and impose them upon their husbands to father them as their owne issue.

Verse 645. *Salian* Priesthood) The Priesthood of *Mars*, a great dignity in the State, of which I have spoken in Sat. 2. wherein I likewise mentioned the great name and family of the *Scauri*.

Verse 652. *Thessalian* Philters) In *Thessaly* the strongest Philters or Love-potions were made, because the soile affords the most poisonous Simples.

Verse 657. *Nero's* Uncle) *Caesar Caligula*, upon whose affections his Wife *Caesonia* so wrought with her Philters, that in his dotage he would often (like the *Indian* king *Candaules*) shew her naked to his friends, and often when he kissed her faire neck boasted, that he could command it to be taken off, adding, that he would send to the Diviners to know what it was that made him so infinitely in love with her, who fearing her Potion might be too weake, put in stronger druggs and made him starke mad.

Verse 658. A Colt's whole front) The *Hippomanes*, a *Caruncula* or bunch of flesh growing on the forehead of a Colt, which (some say) the mare eates in her very foaling time, as grudging man so great a benefit, which snatched from her and infused into a potion makes the drinker enamoured of the Cup-bearer.

Verse 661. *Mushroom*) *Agrippina*, as you have read in Sat. 5. poysoned her Husband *Claudius* with a *Mushroom* that her sonne *Nero* might be Emperour.

Verse 666. Fire, steele, and whips) *Caesonia's* poyson that made *Caligula* kind and gentle to her, made him

him cruell and tyrannous to all the world beſides.

Verſe 628. *Pontia*) It may be ſuppoſed, that ſuch horrid acts were mentioned in this Satyr, as if they were faigned by the lofty *Greeke* Poët *Sophocles* to heighten his Tragedies, therefore he cites the Precedent of *Pontia* wife to *Vettius Bolanus*, who attempting to poiſon her two ſonnes, was taken in the manner; and confeſſing the fact adjudged to die for it.

Verſe 682. *Medea*) Who murdered her children in the preſence of their father *Jaſon*.

Verſe 682. *Progne*) Who moſt tragically killed and cooked her ſonne *Itys*, and feaſted her husband *Tereus* with him, in revenge of his rape and cruelty practiced upon her ſiſter *Philomela*.

Verſe 692. *Alceſtis*) Daughter to *Pelias*, and wife to *Admetus* king of *Theſſaly*, who being deſpaired of by his Phiſicians, ſent to the Oracle; whence he received this anſwer, That he ſhould not recover of that ſickneſſe unleſſe there could ſome one be found that would exchange lifes with him; which being refuſed by all his Nobility and favourites, his Queene *Alceſtis* accepted of, and dyed that her Lord might live.

Verſe 696. *Belides*) The fifty daughters of *Danaus*, who were married to as many of their coſen-germans ſonnes to their unkle *Ægyptus*, which they ſlew in one night, all but *Lynceus*, whom his wife *Hypermeſtra* ſaved.

Verſe 696. *Eryphyle*) Who was bribed to betray her husband *Amphiaraus*, that concealed himſelfe, having bin told by the Oracle, that he ſhould be ſlaine in the *Theban* warre.

Verſe 697. *Clytemneſtra*) Wife to *Agamemnon*, who for the concluſion of her husbands welcome from that ten yeares warre that had detained him before the walls of *Troy*, clove his skull with a great Axe, incouraged thereto by her ſervant *Ægiſthus*.

Verſe

Verſe 703. The thrice-foyld Monarch) *Mithridates* king of *Pontus* three times vanquiſhed, by *Sylla*, *Lucullus*, and *Pompey*, who fearing to be poiſoned, inventeda admirable Antidote, the receipt whereof was found by *Cn. Pompeius* written with *Mithridates* his owne hand, the ingrediences (if we credit *Pliny*) were two dried nuts, two figgs, twenty leaves of rue in powder, tempered together with a little ſalt, which he taking every morning faſting, became proofe againſt poiſon, even when his laſt overthrow made him attempt to poiſon himſelfe.

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